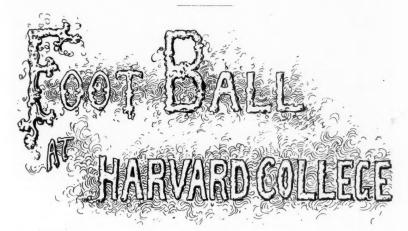
THE BOSTONIAN

Vol. III

NOVEMBER 1895

No. 2



By R. ROBERT DUNDEE



HE average Harvard undergraduate of to-day, surfeited as he is with athletics of all kinds, and with football in particular, will doubt-

less be incredulous when told that only about thirty years ago there was not only no such thing as regular athletics at Harvard, but, furthermore, no college football in the United States.

Of course, as far back as there were students, there were also games and sports. But, until about 1860, both inside and outside the colleges, any regular and organized athletics in America were entirely unknown.

The first intercollegiate contest of which we have any record was a boat-race between Harvard and Yale, held in 1852. This created a good deal of interest, and might have led to a regular athletic movement, but it was just about this time that men's attention began to be interested in matters of more vital importance,—those events which led up to the Rebellion of 1861. In 1863 baseball was introduced, and in 1876 was followed by college football.

I do not mean to imply that up to this time there had been no football of any kind played in America, but merely that there had been no college, or Rugby football. The old Association game had probably been fairly common. We know

that, up to 1861 at least, there had been an annual contest at Harvard between the Freshmen and Sophomores, and we may safely infer that it had spread to many other towns and colleges. The crowds which attended these interclass games certainly showed a strong interest among widely-separated

classes of people.

Of course these crowds would seem small and insignificant compared with those which for the past few years have been flocking to Springfield. But, in their time, these games were probably almost as great events as is the Harvard-Yale game to-day. They were attended not only by the neighboring "swells," who drove over in their shining carriages, but also by the farmers and country people. All the afternoon they kept coming in, -some on horseback, some in wagons, others in carts, or anything they could find, but all in high good-humor and their best Sunday clothes. The games were played on the "Delta," where Memorial Hall now stands, and, when the teams lined up about seven o'clock, they were surrounded by a double line of eager spectators.

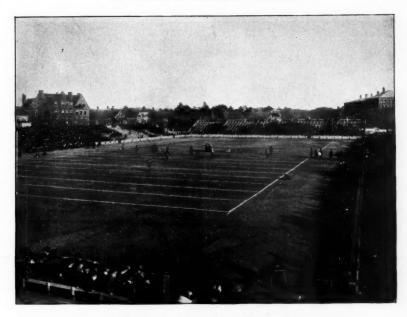
The object of the game—in which, by the way, all the members of both classes joined—was for one side to get the ball between their adversaries' goal. To accomplish this, the side which succeeded in getting the ball on the opening scrimmage, tried, by wriggling it along with their feet from one to another, to get it as near their centre as possible. Then, starting down the field, with it in their midst, they tried to keep it until they could kick or scuffle it through their opponents' goal.

The other side had in the meantime been more than mere onlookers. As soon as their adversaries secured the ball, they tried to get it again. Evidently the only way to do this was to break through the enemies' ranks before they could get the ball too near their centre. The manner of breaking through which seems to have been the most popular—probably because it was both the quickest and most effective—was to knock down a few of the leaders on the other side.

Since the rules strictly forbade a player to touch either the ball or his opponent with his hands, the attacking side were prevented from using their fists. Consequently the performance of the knockingdown feat was considerably more difficult. Still, the number of knock-downs, and the amount of satisfactory work generally which a thoroughly efficient player could accomplish in five minutes by a judicious use of head, shoulders, hips, and feet, was truly remarkable.

As far as the rules went, the attackers might have gone at this knocking-down business individally. Then, however, the man trying to get the ball would have stood just as good a chance of getting knocked down as did the man defending it. Accordingly the attackers, drawing back a little and forming what we should call a "wedge," charged en masse.

The effect may be imagined. The attacked side, hampered and bothered by the ball, were unable to move as a body and, consequently, were more or less at the mercy of the attackers. The front lines, however, not being hampered by the ball, tried to stop this rush, and usually got knocked down for their pains. But they had their consolation—their opponents' impetus was generally so great as to send the leaders sprawling over them.

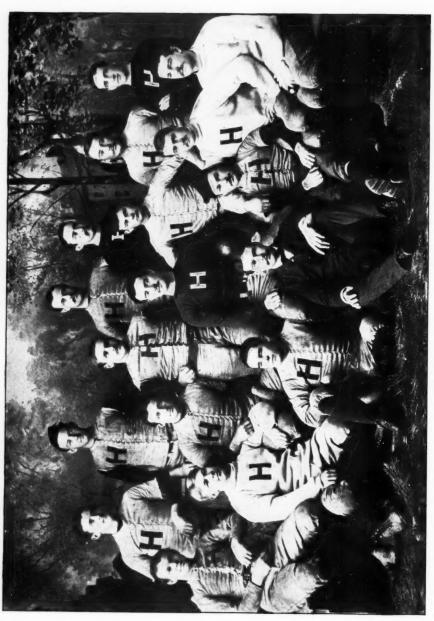


A Game of Football in Jarvis Field, Cambridge, Mass.

And so the game went on, until the one side got back the ball, or the other scored. In either case the result was much the same. Positions being reversed, the process began all over again. This game was clearly very different from our game of to-day.

The game of Rugby or college football, as has already been said, was introduced into this country The exact date is about 1876. hard to decide on. We know that the first game was played between Harvard and Yale in the fall of '76; we know that Harvard had been playing it up in Canada for several years before this time; and we have full reason for supposing that other American colleges had dabbled in it more or less. But of two great facts we are certain. The first is that, whatever may have been Harvard's share in the development of the game, the credit of introducing it belongs entirely to her. The second and more important is that, at the suggestion of Princeton, I believe, in this same fall of '76, an Intercollegiate Football Association was formed. At first this consisted of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia, but others soon joined. And thus football, and, for that matter, organized intercollegiate athletics in general, began in the United States.

The outcome of this first game between Harvard and Yale has been the subject of much discussion. One side maintains that Harvard won; the other that, although Yale had never played with this shaped ball before that afternoon, and was practically entirely ignorant of the game, by sheer pluck and dogged determina-



THE HARVARD FOOTBALL TEAM OF '87

Butler Woodman Faulkner

Burgess Harding

Peabody Remington

Holden

tion she kept Harvard from scoring, and finally, by a mere lucky chance, kicked a goal herself. This seems rather improbable. But, as we all know, "Yale luck" is proverbial.

Whatever may have been the outcome of this first game, there is no doubt attaching to the results of Harvard games for the next seven years; for, until 1883, Harvard was beaten steadily by both Princeton and Yale. During this time her influence on the development of the game must have been practically nothing.

Not so with Princeton and Yale. They kept steadily at it, and, under their care and management, the game rapidly developed.

The first few games were played under the old English rules. The Americans, however, soon seeing the evils of many of these, started in to remedy them.

The first thing to go was the old "scrimmage"—the system of lining-up enforced after a "down." It consisted in each side, after the referee had placed the ball where it had been "downed," forming a sort of semi-circle about it, and trying to kick it out through their opponents' legs towards their goal. This not only gave a chance for a great deal of shin-kicking and slugging, but also introduced a very considerable element of luck. So, after various modifications had been in use for some time, the rules banished it altogether, and substituted the present plan of "snapping-back.

The change at once brought about these developments,—firstly, a choice of heavy rather than light men; secondly, holding; and thirdly, the so-called "block game."

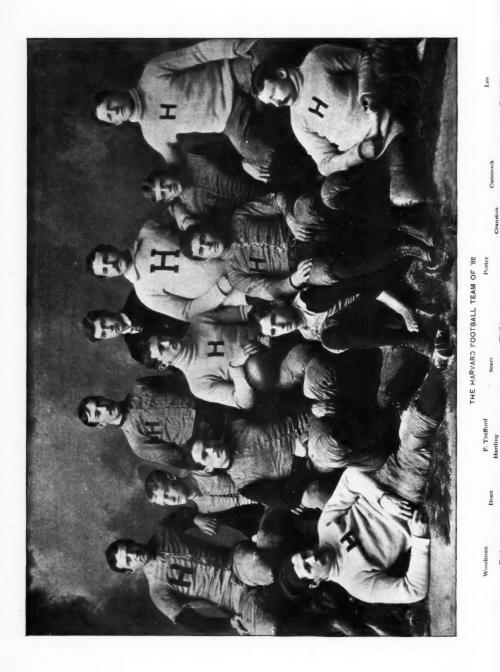
The first two of these developments need little explanation. In the old "scrimmages" light men who were active and fast runners were needed to get out after the ball. Now, however, it was found that the "forwards"—or, as we should call them, the "rush-line"—in order to withstand the shock of the opposing backs, had to be heavy

Secondly, in the "scrimmages" there was very little chance for "holding." But now it was found very helpful to the running "back" if his "rushers" would just grab their opponents around the neck or waist, and thus keep them from tackling or otherwise interfering with him. At first there were no rules against this. Then a player was allowed not to grip his opponent, but spreading out his arms and hands, merely to hinder him. This simply meant that the already overcrowded referee had one more So, at last, point to overlook. probably about 1883, "holding' was absolutely forbidden.

The third of the direct developments of this new system of "snapping-back" was the "block game"—a system of play which did more to ruin the prospects of football in this country than anything else which has ever happened to it. Moreover it offers at least a possible explanation of the apparent lack of interest and the constant defeat of Harvard in the game which she herself introduced.

In the "block game" system of play, the side which had the ball to start with, instead of kicking it, or running with it, tried by surrounding it to keep it. Sometimes they gained, sometimes they lost; but, unless they were a much inferior team, they were pretty sure of scoring sometime. So they held on to the ball.

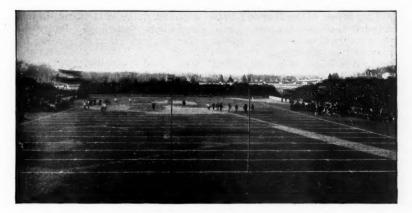
This spoilt the game in every way. From the spectator's standpoint it was ruined because they were no runs, no tackles, no open



Sears

Dean

Davis



Playing Football in Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass.

plays of any kind, in fact nothing but a muddled up mess of twenty-two men who struggled, squirmed, slugged, and then fell over each other. From the player's point of view, all its best elements were gone too. There was no longer any chance for those old dashes, so full of excitement, there was no chance for team work, or for dodging, or kicking, or anything but slugging and brute strength. The main requirements for a team were size, strength, endurance, and good slugging capabilities.

Lee

In 1880, an effort towards opening up the play had been made by reducing the number of players from fifteen to eleven. This had done some slight good; but nothing could ever relieve matters much as long as the "block game" lasted, and this it was sure to do, until the rules should stop it; and in that,

unfortunately, they failed.

Such was the condition of the game in '83, when, for the first time in seven years, Harvard began to show some interest. Notwithstanding the general tendency of the last six years, Harvard had always refused to "slug," and for six

years she had been badly beaten. But now, if that would win for her, she made up her mind to "slug" for all she was worth. And "slug" she certainly did. Her men, picked for size and strength, were trained much as we should now train a prize-fighter. The result was that by the time the Vale game drew near—the second eleven not having proved careful or merciful trainers—the Harvard eleven closely resembled the remnants of a train-wreck.

The whole country, knowing these preparations, eagerly awaited the day of the game. But the promised prize-fight was never to come off. A few days before the date of the game, the Harvard Faculty forbade its students to play except on one condition, namely, that a man should be ruled off the field for slugging at the first offence instead of, as formerly, after three warnings. The students growled, swore, and petitioned. The Faculty stood firm and were called nasty names by their pupils. Yale yielded and the game was played. But there was no "slugging" and things were very dull and slow in consequence.

This action of the Harvard Faculty left the "block game" like a poor play without its plot, and the players like a company of actors without a play. The game had lost the little interest it had before possessed, and the players were left with nothing to do. Furthermore, it was about this time that the "five-yard rule" was passeda rule providing that, unless a team gained five yards in four "downs," it should give up the ball or go back ten vards. The combination practically settled the game. Every now and then it would spring up again, however, and a heavy team would go back ten yards sooner than give up the ball. So in 1887 the alternative was increased to twenty yards, and the "block game" gave up the ghost. Slugging, too, lingered on until this same year when, by the creation of umpires to watch the men, it was killed—so football men say.

The natural inference would be, that Harvard, keeping up her renewed interest, won the next year. On the contrary, however, all interest fell flat—so flat, indeed, that in 1885 the students submitted without a murmur to the Faculty's

abolishing it.

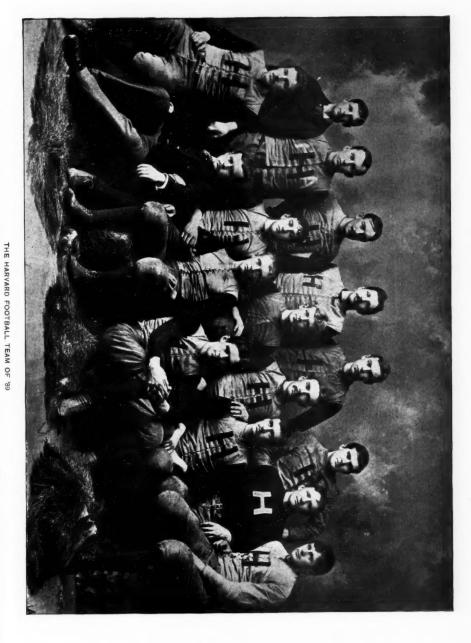
The cause of this is hard to find. It may be that the spurt in '83 was due to the efforts of a few men and that the college as a whole felt very little real interest in football. Or it may that, when all her efforts to turn out a winning team failed, she became discouraged. Neither of these seems sufficiently probable to give any adequate answer to our problem. But combine the two and we have at least a possible solution of the difficulty. It seems highly probable that the interest in football, although it spread all over college and was genuine as far as it went, did not go very deep. Accordingly when, by the sudden,

and, as it seemed then, unjust and silly action of the Faculty, all Harvard's chances of winning by "slugging" were cut off and she was forced to play a style of game about which her men knew nothing, what more natural than that she became discouraged and the somewhat shallow interest died.

The game itself went on developing steadily. Whereas formerly the only distinction as to position had been the general one of "forwards" and "backs," fixed positions now began to be assigned to individual men. That of "quarterback" was the first to become fixed. Formerly the back nearest the ball had passed it back; now the duty was assigned to one man. The results were almost immediate. The quarter-backs learnt not only to pass rapidly and accurately, but also to think and act quickly.

The other backs improved and developed likewise. They practiced running, dodging, kicking, and tackling once more—qualities practically useless in the famous "block game." By the time the fall of '86 came round, all who had the best interests of football at heart-and they were now manyrealized what a curse had been removed by the overthrow of the "block game," and many of the very coaches and players who had laughed and jeered at the Harvard Faculty for its childish action, now had to confess that, by that very action, it had done more for football than the Intercollegiate Association had been able to do in six years.

It was in this same fall of '86 that the notable event in the history of American football occurred—namely, the beginning of the present revival of football at Harvard. This revival may be due to a number of indirect causes. But, if any man was the direct cause of



it, that man was George Adams. He not only headed the movement which got up the petition to the Faculty to reinstate Harvard in football, but after this was granted, he helped manage the team, did most of the coaching, and, at the close of the season, played end

rusher.

The captain was "Billy" Brooks, an old Exeter man, who in his line did almost as much for football at Harvard as Adams. His team was made up of Adams, Woodman, Wood, Burgess, Remington, Butler, Faulkner, Harding, Fletcher, Boyden, Sears, Peabody, Dudley, Holden, and Porter. He taught these men how to play hard, energetic football. But the two things he could not teach them were science and self-confidence. And the lack of these two elements was enough to beat any team, pitted against the cool, self-reliant, and experienced Elis. Yale won 24-o, and Princeton followed suit with 12-0.

Thus began a new football era at Harvard. In some ways it was discouraging; but in others it was decidedly the reverse. Harvard had been beaten by both Princeton and Vale, it is true. But little else could have been reasonably expected from a green team. Moreover, she had defeated Wesleyan 110-0; and Wesleyan was then considered a fairly strong team. The most encouraging part of the whole season, however, was that the college as a whole had once more revived its interest in the

game.

The captain for the following year was "Bert" Holden-probably the most brilliant, and withal dogged, player Harvard has ever seen. But it was not so much as a player as in his position of captain and of organizer that Holden distinguished himself. If it had

not been for him, the revival of '86 might have shared the fate of that of '83. But with Holden in command such a catastrophe was impossible. His never-ceasing energy was bound to drive anything through.

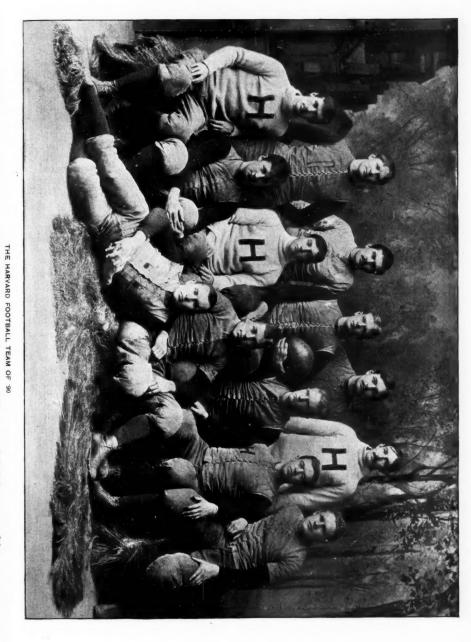
Football certainly went with a rush. Harvard sent out one of the best teams she has ever had. The smaller colleges were defeated easily. Then came Princeton. She, too, was defeated, and by the same score Yale had defeated her, -12-o. The large mass of Harvard supporters went wild. To them Yale's defeat seemed almost certain. But the wiser ones shook their heads. For in that Princeton game Holden had broken his chest.

Harvard was soon to realize as, perhaps, she had not fully done before, what "Bert" Holden meant to the team. Left at the eleventh hour without a leader, and without Holden's restless energy, its defeat by Yale was practically a foregone conclusion. When Thanksgiving Day came, they fought hard and well. But at the critical points, when they needed Holden's cool head to steady them, or his fierce energy to spur them on, he was sitting in his carriage at one side of the field, and there was no one to take his place. Yale won, 17-8. It was a great contest, but if Holden had been playing it would have been far greater.

There was not a man on his team who was not a first-class player, but from among them stand out three whose names shine especially bright in the football world to-day, -Arthur Cumnock, "Vic" Hard-

ing, and Perry Trafford.

In '88, for some strange reason, the principles of play which had proved so successful in '87, were abandoned for others which had



been given up as failures three years before. Captain Sears certainly did all he could, but with Adams, Brooks, and Holden all gone, he was left to bear the strain practically alone; and the strain proved too heavy. The Yale game, on account of the omnipresent Harvard Faculty's refusal to allow her team to play in New York, had to be given up. The Princeton game was played, however, Princeton winning, 12—0.

The year 1889 was marked by two occurrences of great importance to the football world,—one of which affected all who played the game, while the other was of especial interest to Harvard. The first was the introduction, by Princeton, of the system of using the "backs" to "interfere" and "block-off." The other was the election of Arthur Cumnock to the captaincy of the Harvard eleven.

Although in many ways very different from "Bert" Holden, Cumnock had much the same sort of nervous energy which formed such a conspicuous part of Holden's nature. This had always been noticeable in him as a player; but, when he became captain, it blossomed out with a vengeance. Favoring the system of play in vogue under Holden in '87, rather than that in use in '88, he started in to teach his team two things: first, what football was; and, second, how to play it. His idea was, that every man should understand the theory of his position to a fair extent, and should then be taught how to carry it out. And to a certain degree he succeeded. By the time the Yale game came off, probably every man on his team knew, moderately well, how his position ought to be played; and certainly every man played it, as far as he knew how, for all that was in him. But, unfortunately,

Cumnock made that mistake common to nearly all new captains,—the mistake of overworking his men. By the time of the Yale game, his men were in no condition to stand the pace set by their opponents. The same thing was true of the Princeton game, and both were lost.

The season of '90 found Cumnock in charge again. Once more he pursued his old policy, with this distinction: The physical condition of the men was now very carefully guarded. Half-adozen elevens were kept playing constantly. This developed and kept in condition a large number of men, from which the captain had his pick. At the time of the Yale game, Harvard's men knew more about the theory of the game than any former Harvard team. Moreover they were all strong, steady, and skilful players; they worked together perfectly, and, above all, every man of them was in first-class condition. The men were as follows: Upton, Alward, Finlay, Cranston, P. Trafford, Newell, Hallowell, Dean, Corbett, Lee, Lake, and B. Trafford. Men such as these, trained as they were, had but one thing to do,-to win. And win they did; the first and last time Harvard has won since

Harvard's chances for '91 seemed unusually bright. As veterans she had Trafford, Corbett, Lake, Hallowell, and Newell. Those of the new men who finally made the team were: Bangs, Mackie, Emmons, Waters, and Gage. Yale, taking her team as a whole, had rather poorer chances at the start than Harvard. Behind the line, where Harvard was so strong, she was weak, but her line was practically solid, from the very beginning. And here was where Harvard was weak; and, try as she

might, she never succeeded in strengthening it.

Yale's system of preparation was few games, but constant drill on the individual positions. Harvard,



Waiting for the Kick-off

on the contrary, played a large number of matches, and, consequently, could not get in so much actual drill.

The difference between the two teams on the day of the Spring-field game, seems to me the natural result of the difference in their systems of coaching. Harvard was by far the more brilliant, individually,—Yale the stronger in team play. Yale won. The year before Harvard had been the stronger in team play. Then Harvard had won.

The season of 1892 opened with Bernie Trafford at the head of Harvard's eleven. It closed with the victory for Yale. Its two most remarkable events—from the Harvard point of view, at least—were Mr. Deland's wonderful invention of the "flying wedge,"

and Mr. Coffin's no less remarkable decision.

In the Springfield game of this year honors were about even until by some strange sequence of events Emmons and Upton got hurt so often in quick succession that they had to leave the field. Mason and Jim Shea were put in as substitutes; and, after going around Mason for thirty-five yards, Yale scored and won the game, 6—o.

The scores of other games played were as follows, Harvard's score being given first: October 1, vs. Dartmouth, 48—0; October 5, vs. Exeter, 62—0; October 8, vs. Amherst, 26—0; October 15, vs. Williams, 55—0; October 22, vs. B. A. A., 40—0; October 25, vs. Chicago A. C., 32—0; October 29, vs. Amherst, 32—10; November 2, vs. M. I. T., 34—0; Nov. 5, vs. Cornell, 20—4; November 8, vs. B. A. A., 16—12; November 19, vs. Yale, 0—6.

Captain Waters's team of 1893 began its season by a game with Dartmouth, whom it defeated 16-o. From the start to the end of the season, both players and captain showed a zeal and energy which, with the material Harvard had, ought to have turned out a winning team. But things never seemed to get settled down. Up to the very last minute positions were being shifted. Moreover, a good deal of time was doubtless expended on Mr. Deland's tricks, none of which-as far as I can remember - ever gained Harvard very much ground (the 'flying wedge" of the year before always excepted).

When the day of the game came the same faults were noticeable. Yale's policy was well defined, and thoroughly planned beforehand. Again and again Butterworth and Thorne bucked the line until they weakened it. There was never

a misunderstanding. Everything went like clockwork.

But with Harvard everything was just the other way. For the first half, of course, Yale, having the wind with her, possessed a tremendous advantage. But in this half Harvard's work was all right. Both offensively and defensively it surpassed that of Yale, as the following figures will show:

	Harvard	Yale
Ground gained by rushers,	137	27
Ground gained by punting,	71	210
Ground lost	9	0
Number of times in posses-		
sion of ball	55	17

It was in the second half that Harvard showed up so poorly compared with Yale. There seemed to be no rhyme or reason to the succession of plays. If one style of play gained, it was discarded and something new was tried. Of course Waters's condition of semi-unconsciousness was largely responsible for this. Still it seems as if the trouble must have gone deeper, as if there was a direct connection between the lack of system so noticeable at times during the year, and the similar lack of it here. But this is all pure surmise. We merely know that in the second half Harvard lacked snap, displayed woefully bad judgment, and lost a game which, had she played the game she put up three days later against Pennsylvania, she would almost undoubtedly have won.

And now we come to last season, that of 1894. This year will long be conspicuous for the important changes made in the playing rules—changes which caused the creation of a new set of tactics, and which gave the smaller colleges a much better chance to rival the large ones. Such were the actual results. The effect intended was to lessen the element of rough

To judge by three out of play. the four great games of the season this desired effect was attained. But when we glance at the result of the fourth great game-that between Harvard and Yale-we feel very dubious about their efficiency. But it is not my purpose to enter on this subject here. Both the New York and Boston press have discussed it far too freely already. Suffice it to say, that the changes in rules were made to break up the so-called "mass" plays; that they undoubtedly did accomplish this; that in three of the great games rough play was decidedly reduced; but that in the Harvard-Yale contest it seemed more plentiful than ever; and that, as a result of some remarks made after the game by Dr. Brooks, the Harvard coach, reflecting on Yale's fair play, complications have arisen between the two colleges which will prevent any more sports between them for the rest of this year at least.

In relation to the present situation in Harvard-Yale athletics, I have nothing to say in favor of either side. I shall merely try to state the facts as accurately as possible.

Early last May Captain Thorne of Yale wrote to Arthur Brewer, the Harvard captain for this year, stating that the Harvard coach, Dr. Brooks, had made several remarks about the last Harvard-Yale game, which reflected on Yale; that, while Yale did not hold Harvard responsible for them, she considered that by contradicting them Harvard might have neutralized their effect; and, finally, that unless Harvard would now contradict them, Yale would not play her football the following fall. Such

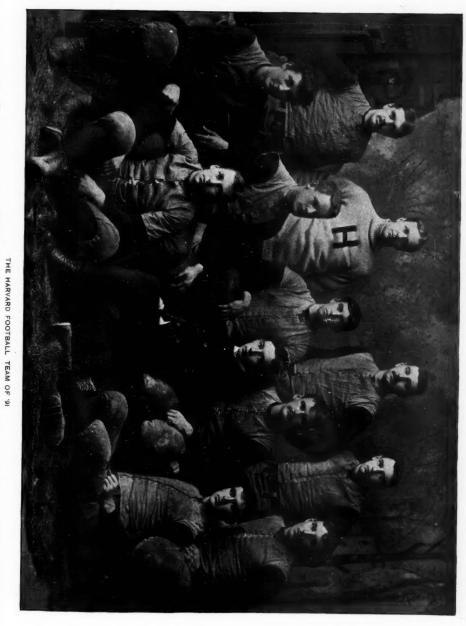
was the purport of the first letter. In reply to this, Professor Ames, Chairman of the Harvard Athletic Lake

B. Trafford (Captain)

Ha

mons

(2)



Neweil Bangs

Corbett Lal

Dexter Lake

B. Trafford (Captain)

n) Mackie Moore

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Waters

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(2)

Committee, regretted that any revival of this discussion should have



Waiting His Chance

come up, but that compliance with Yale's request was impossible; that Harvard was perfectly willing to play under the old conditions, if Yale chose to withdraw her present demands.

The account of what follows is copied from "The Harvard Daily News." The facts are certainly reliable, although the view taken may be somewhat prejudiced:

"On May 30, about thirty prominent Harvard graduates and influential undergraduates met in Boston and came to the almost unanimous opinion that the issue was not of football alone, but of the general athletic relations between Harvard and Yale; that if a break occurred in the football contests. there must also be a break-for a while, at least-in all contests between the two colleges. As one man expressed it not long ago, 'if Mr. A. is unwilling to breakfast with Mr. B., it is hardly to be expected Mr. B. will think it becoming for him to lunch and dine with Mr. A.'

"On the 1st of June, during the first Harvard-Yale baseball game, Professor Ames of Harvard met Adee of Yale, and Professor Ames gave to Adee a full account of the meeting in Boston, which has been mentioned, and reiterated the Harvard sentiment on the subject, intimating at the same time that if Yale men dropped the matter of Thorne's letter and invited Harvard to play in football or all games, either for one year or for a term of years, Harvard would accept without a murmur. Mr. Adee seems to have agreed with this project, and to have seen the good sense which prompted it, but his efforts at New Haven have evi-

dently met with great resistance. "No advances were made by Yale during the summer which brought any good results; but, on September 1, Mr. Alfred Cowles, Yale '86, met Professor Ames at Castine, Me., where the latter was spending the summer. Mr. Cowles was told that Harvard's attitude had remained the same as at the interview with Adee. Professor Ames added, however, that Harvard had reserved November 9 as a date for a possible game with Yale, and that it was impossible for Harvard to wait for Yale after October 5, a week after Yale opened. If no invitation was then received from Yale, Harvard would



THE HARVARD FOOTBALL TEAM OF '92

Waters Trafford (Captain)

Mackie Upton

Gray

C. Brewer

Emmons Lewis

Hallowell

J. Shea

consider it as meaning a cessation in athletics to last for two or three

more years.

"No word was received from New Haven until October 1, when Mr. Philip Stewart of Yale came to Cambridge with two documents. The exact contents of these letters will not be given out, but they amounted to this: One letter was from Captain Thorne to Captain Brewer, expressing virtually the same sentiments expressed in the first memorable letter from Thorne: the other was a framed reply to be sent by Captain Brewer to Yale, apologizing, or nearly the same thing, for the utterances of Dr. Brooks, Harvard's coach last year. This advance was, of course, immediately declined.

"Two days later, F. W. Moore, the graduate manager, received a letter from the Yale baseball manager, asking if Harvard was willing to play the ball-games as usual next spring. Mr. Moore replied at once that all depended on the outcome of the football situation.

"And here the matter has ended. There will be absolutely no athletic contests between the universi-

ties for two or more years."

Such are the facts. The reader must draw his own inferences. Harvard supporters have undeniably accused Yale of needlessly, rough play after several games. Yale has each time denied these statements. Which is right? That is the question.

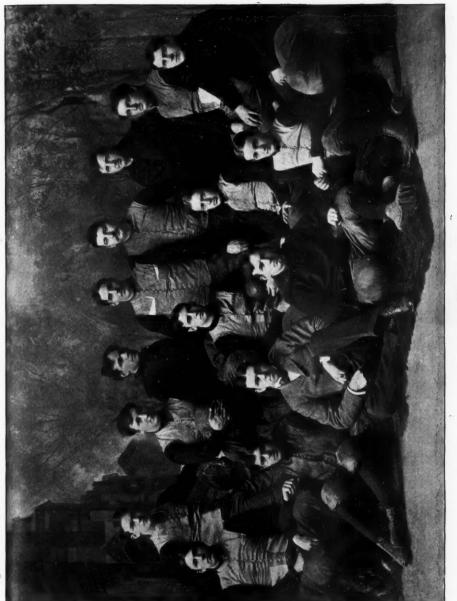
Notwithstanding the fact that there will be no Yale game this year, the interest in football at Harvard is still very high and is sure to remain so. There will be two important and probably very close games, the first with Princeton on November 2, and the second with Pennsylvania on November 23. Moreover, the game with Cor-

nell, played on October 26, was certainly of no mean importance. But this is past and gone. The question which now stare us in the face is, who will win, Harvard or Princeton, Harvard or Pennsylvania?

The latter question is altogether too far away to try to settle. Accidents may happen to the Harvard men in the Princeton game which will largely change the make-up of the team. In the Princeton struggle, however, Harvard's chances appear to me to be somewhat the brighter. Of course both teams lost a good deal by the changes in the style of play made necessary by the adjustment of rules, etc., between the two colleges. Princeton has lost the more. In the first place, slightly more pronounced changes were necessary in her system of play than in that of Harvard. Moreover, the week of October 14th, which was devoted to steady work at Harvard, was almost entirely lost at Princeton. One week does not seem very much; but at this stage of the football season, with only three weeks left altogether, it may have proved a great deal.

This greater loss of time by Princeton, with its accompanying drawbacks, would - even had the teams started even — be a fairly good argument in favor of the superior chances of Harvard. But the two teams did not start even. On the contrary, Harvard began with considerably better chances. She had more old players, and the new men had had rather more training. Princeton's team - up to October 20, at least - was lamentably raw. Since then it has improved a great deal, but Harvard has been doing the same. Princeton may have been gaining on her, but I think hardly rapidly enough to make up for Harvard's lead at

the start.



THE HARVARD FOOTBALL TEAM OF '93

Lewis Mackic (Sapatin) C. C.

Newell

Wrightington

C. Brewer

Mannahan

Gray

As is so often the case, just where the one team is strong, the other is Princeton has a centre which should prove invulnerable, but is fearfully shaky behind the line. The Harvard centre is probably a good deal weaker than is Princeton's, but for backs she has five men, all of whom may be said to be first-class, and which should work well together. And here again Harvard seems to me to have the advantage. It may be more difficult, perhaps, to coach up raw material for the centre than for the backs. Personally, I doubt it very seriously. But even if it is true, still the Harvard centre needs far less coaching than do the Princeton backs.

The thing which Harvard has to dread most, is the Princeton snap and sand. Over and over again has the New Jersey college shown what she can do towards whipping a raw team into a good one in a short time, and more than once has she demonstrated to her opponents' thorough satisfaction how much she can do in a game with an

apparently inferior team.

The thing which Princeton may stand most justly in fear of, is the fact that she is not Yale. would be unfair and untrue to say that Harvard players were afraid of Yale. But Yale has won and Harvard has lost so often that Yale's winning and Yale luck have become almost proverbial. Harvard men have always played a plucky and determined game; in many cases they have played against hope without even faltering or relaxing in the slightest degree until time was called; no matter how heavy the odds were against them they have never been known to "flunk;" but whereas they have not had sufficient confidence in themselves, they have had too much in Yale.

This to my mind is the only solution of Harvard's constant recent defeats in football. The Harvard captains and coaches have often been accused of "snobbery" and favoritism in their choice of the team. They have been frequently charged with choosing only men of high social position. Such a statement is entirely false. The men are chosen from year to year strictly on their merits as players. If the leading athletes are also the leaders socially at Harvard, it is not because the athletes are chosen from the social leaders, but because the social leaders are chosen from the best athletes.

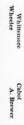
The other great excuse assigned for the inferior playing of Harvard in the Springfield games, has been the inferior coaching. Such an excuse may be good in rowing matters. Bob Cook is well known to be the best coach in America to-But in football, it seems to me Harvard has just as good coaching as Yale. The old players come back each year and coach the Harvard eleven just as they do at Yale, and some of these certainly —to put it as mildly as possible must be as good as any Yale has to help her. It is true that some years ago Harvard had too many coaches, or rather too many systems of coaching. But for two or three years that fault has been remedied and she has had one definite and carefully planned system. There have—as previously been many coaches, but they have all adopted the same plan of play.

A great deal has also been said about "Yale luck." This might account for one or two defeats, but it will hardly do for the record of the last thirty years, or even for

that of the last ten.

Every one who has followed football at all closely will, I think, agree that Harvard has possessed







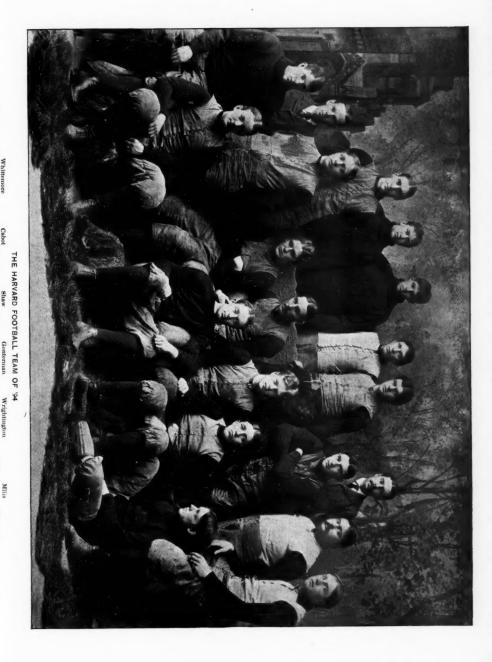
Gonterman dn) Hayes Wrightington











players individually just as good as Yale. The Harvard team-play has at times been weaker, but at others it has been equal to that of

Yale, if not superior to it.

Even the popular doctrine of Harvard indifference, although it may account for much, will hardly prove satisfactory here. Harvard has undoubtedly at various times pursued a strange course after inventing new and useful plays, leaving other colleges to make use of them. But this, too, is a thing of the past. Harvard players have gone into the game with a zealous and earnest purpose, the very opposite of indifference. They have showed it in many ways, but in none more clearly than their use of Mr. Deland's "flying wedge." Ten years ago they would probably have used it once in a somewhat crude state, and then left it for their adversaries to improve and employ in defeating them. But two years ago they not only used

it themselves in every conceivable way, but also, going farther, invented and thought out methods of defence against it, and of breaking

Favoritism, poor coaching, "Yale luck," lack of team-play, and Harvard indifference having been all ruled out, the only cause of the constant defeat of Harvard for the past few years seems to me to be her lack of confidence in herself. This may at first seem a slight reason, but every man who has ever taken part in athletic contests under similar conditions knows how much it means.

But, as I said before, Princeton is not Vale. She and Harvard have not met on the gridiron for some years. Both colleges have an entirely new set of players. So they ought to meet on even terms in this respect, and, as she seems to have the best team, Harvard ought to win. But will she?





BY ELIZA WALLACE DURBIN



UNVILLE was a small town, — a place of seven thousand inhabitants, — consequently, as any one who has ever lived in a small town

knows, each one of the seven thousand knew the other six thousand nine hundred and ninetynine, the acquaintanceship running through all degrees, from warm love and temperate liking to lukewarm recognition and cold dislike. No man could let go his hold on the burden of life in some other town, and come and slip his shoulders under the load in a new spot, and be unnoticed by the people of Dunville. Like all village people, they would want to know just where he had left a place vacant, whether he had sustained the weight well, and what part of the load was now resting on his back. A stranger was a person of great interest in Dunville. If his appearance was pleasing, it roused a feeling of gratification that Dunville had attracted so desirable a citizen; if unpleasing, it furnished occasions for jokes and sarcastic comments. So when one cold, raw day in November, there appeared on the square which included most of the business part of the town, a stranger of ludicrous appearance, every person he met gave him a stare of mingled interest and amusement. He was very tall, and very well built, and in ordinary dress might have inspired respect, if not admiration; but he had on what, to a man, is what flimsy silk and cheap jewelry are to a woman, a cheap dress-coat, and a cheap high hat; like ill-fitting false teeth, they are unpleasantly suggestive of the very things whose want they are intended to conceal; and, as the teeth keep grinning "False, false," so they keep saying, "Sham, sham."

The stranger's hair was very long, and looked as though it were pasted to his head, and could not be combed,—like the hair on cheap dolls. As it was very cold he had turned up his coat-collar, thus causing the hair to stand out obliquely in stiff, oily-looking strands.

But the most grotesque thing about him was his face. Never in Dunville had there been seen such a face. In it the woe-begone aspect of the dyspeptic, and a Puritanical solemnity, were contending for dominant expression. His face was smooth above his chin, but under it, along his jaws, was a growth of bushy, black hair, like a gnu's beard. His mouth was large and harsh and forbidding, as became the opening into such a bottomless pit of woe as was evidently inside this man. His eyes had once been blue, but the way their color had run told that they had often been washed in the alkaline waters of dissipation.

As he neared a corner the high wind took off his hat, revealing a shining white circle, around which his white locks stood out like the rim of leaves round a bald-headed dandelion. While he stopped to pick up his hat, two young men came out of the bank on the corner.

"Holy Moses, Tom!" cried one as his eyes fell upon the stranger, "Look what the wind has blown to town. What a face! Is it any

wonder it's cold?"

"Haven't you seen that before?" asked his companion, with a grin. "He's been here a couple of weeks. He's the new faith-doctor. See the hair sticking out of his neck," and they laughed until they were out of breath.

"Faith-doctor?" said the first

speaker, after a long gasp.

"Yes," said Tom. "He is highpriest at the meetings of those blamed fools in the City Hall. But I tell you, he's got a daughter who's the prettiest girl I ever laid eyes on."

"The dickens he has! Where

did you see her?"

"Oh, I was over at the meeting last night; tried to make up to her, but she wouldn't notice me. She looks out of place there, somehow. I believe she's ashamed of the tomfoolery, and of her father, too. But she's a beauty, and no mistake; there ain't a girl in Dunville can hold a candle to her."

"I'm going over there to-night, myself," said the other, drawing his head down inside his turned-up collar, like a turtle, as a particularly keen blast swept by. "You never did amount to much with the girls, Tom. Whew! but that wind's cold."

"All right, Ben; go in and win,"



"He was very tall, and very well built"

replied Tom, turning away with a

laugh.

Benton Stanson, the banker's nephew, was a young man who enjoyed painting the town red. He was one of the young men who are "not bad fellows, who are only a little wild," - they are enjoying a little coasting on that toboggan-slide of inherent depravity, which, more or less steep, is provided every man's nature; and they mean to get off the sled Wildness after a while, and walk sedately for the rest of their lives. They have no fear, but the spectators, who have seen, now and then, a sled come down with a momentum that defied the break of self-control, and, after an awfulrush, disappear into the depths of degradation, look on with misgiving.

When Benton Stanson looked in at the faith-meeting that night, he could scarcely keep from laughing outright. Untouched by sorrow himself, the shorthand system in which she writes her story on faces was unknown to him. He saw only a dozen women, all old, in appearance at least. Some were dressed with open disregard of fashion, and others burlesqued the prevailing mode with a serene unconsciousness that would have been pathetic to a kindly eye. There were no men present when Benton entered, but soon three came in, - specimens of the class of husbands who obligingly carry home the clothes their wives have washed. They seemed more human than the women, who stared at Benton with such solemn eyes that he longed for the Doctor to appear.

He came at last, and with him was a girl who so took Benton's attention, that he was only dimly conscious that the Doctor was shaking hands with all present, when the old man stopped before him. Benton saw a strange look in the watery eyes, but it passed, leaving his face more like a plaster-cast of hypocritical piety than before.

"Ah, my young friend, this is a great pleasure," he said, suavely, with a smile that reminded one of a tiger's yawn,—it consisted so entirely in an extensive opening and shutting of the large, cruel mouth.

"You are Mr. Stanson, are you not?" he continued, giving Benton's hand a cordial shake.

"Yes," answered Benton, wondering how in the deuce the old fraud knew.

"Glad to see you here,—very glad indeed. I suppose you came just to look on. Consider yourself welcome. I hope we shall do you some good; I pray we may. The singing I know you will enjoy. My daughter over there has a fine voice,—so fine that a fond parent may be excused for praising it. Perhaps you sing?"

Benton confessed that he did, a little.

"Come with me," cried the Doctor, impulsively. "You and Alice will have a topic of mutual interest in music. She finds this company a little dull as yet."

Benton went only too willingly. The girl saw them coming, and averted her face. When they stopped before her she looked coldly at Benton as her father said, "Alice, this is Mr. Stanson. My daughter, Miss Banks, Mr. Stanson."

She bowed haughtily, and seeing that she had no intention to speak, the Doctor added, "Mr. Stanson is curious about our meetings. Try to interest him in us. It is your duty to forward the cause, you know."

A deep flush came into her face, and an angry sparkle into her eyes, but her father seemed not to notice, and walked away.

The girl, without looking at Benton, leaned back in her chair and rested her chin on one slim white hand. There was a look of deep disgust in her face, which reminded Benton of Tom's words about her being ashamed of her father and his flock. She was certainly as beautiful as Tom had ence, "but I was anxious to see one of these meetings. I came in no jesting spirit, I assure you."

She looked at him calmly as she answered with cold politeness, "Any one is welcome, Mr. Stanson, and you are seeing all there is to



"Two young men came out of the bank on the corner"

said; tall, fair and stylishly-dressed, with reddish-gold hair, and those dark eyes sometimes accompanying reddish hair, — a peculiar brown, as though a little of the redgold element of the hair had been dropped into the ordinary shade,—she looked like an auratrim lily blooming among a lot of mulleinstalks.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Banks, if I intrude," Benton ventured, after waiting in vain for some sign that she was aware of his pres-

see. It is nothing to me who comes

or goes."

This rebuff only made Benton more anxious to draw her out. He was not a fox to cry sour grapes, even if he received severe bruises in a vain attempt to scale the arbor, and did not in the least mind a little fall. So he patiently watched her in silence while the meeting proceeded. Her proximity subdued him, and made it easy for him to restrain his amusement when some of the members told

their experiences. He felt a passing wonder that any one, even though so ignorant as these people, could pay such homage to a man like Banks. He did not know that to them Banks was the exponent of their hope. These people knew nothing of Christian Science; they knew only that their lives were wretched, and this new faith offered an ever-present consolation in the expectation of a change. They had only to have faith, and faith to them meant hope; and hope it is easy to have if you have only a crust to give it. The Doctor's They presence was that crust. had prayed in the old days until their prayers had seemed but to awaken despair from her apathy, so that she could torture them far into the night. It is not strange that they could testify their lives had not been the same since this faith had come,-it had brought them hope, and hope's beams bring out tints that are invisible in the dim gray light of the dungeon despair.

When the hymn was given out, Benton took a book and hastened to find the page; but when he offered the girl the book she declined it, and began singing from memory. She had a magnificent voice, and as she kept time with the others, Benton thought it was like a mocking-bird lending its voice to a choir of bullfrogs.

When the meeting was over the Doctor came up to his daughter. "Alice," said he, "you will have to go home alone, I fear. Mrs. Ransill's son is sick, and she wishes me to go and pray for him."

"Oh, permit me," cried Benton, so eagerly that even the solemn Doctor smiled, "permit me to take Miss Banks home.'

The girl opened her lips, but her father was too quick for her. "My dear young friend, if you only will you will relieve my mind - and heart - greatly. You were going to say you could go alone, my dear. But we are strangers here, and I shall feel so much easier in mind and heart if Mr. Stanson is with you. Here is Mrs. Ransill now. Good-night, Mr. Stanson; I hope we shall see you here often.'

'Thank you; perhaps you will. I was very much interested this evening," replied Benton, following Miss Banks, who was going

out.

That walk was very different from the ones to which Benton was accustomed. When he offered his arm to his companion, she declined it curtly. Had she been a girl like those he knew he would not have hesitated to take her arm, but his impudence, great as it was, failed him here. Whenever he spoke she replied briefly and coldly.

"You never saw the beat, Tom," he said to his friend next day. "It was like butting your head against a stone wall, trying to find a weak spot where there is some chance of working through. I was bound to talk, so I called her attention to the stars, and told her the myths about the Bears,—and what do you think? she stumped me by telling me it was Callisto, and not Io, who is up there. I hadn't counted on her knowing anything about it."

Tom leaned back in his chair and laughed uproariously. Benton laughed, too, but not with Tom's perfect enjoyment of the

mirth.

"Don't you suppose that old fraud was scheming for you to offer yourself," asked Tom, when he had recovered his breath.

"Of course. He was behind us all the way: for after the girl shut the door on me, I hadn't gone three feet before I met the old codger. When I told him he must keep his prayers done up in cap-



"When they stapped before her she looked coldly at Benton"

sules, ready for use, he said he had paid the boy a hasty visit, and then he gave me a 'razzle-dazzle' about my irreverence, and the unsentimental haste of age overtaking the loitering of youth. Loitering the dickens! I think I'll have to take lessons of a jack-rabbit if I expect to do any walking with that girl," and he laughed again as Tom went off into another roar.

That morning, while Benton and his friend were talking of them, Alice and her father were speaking

of Benton.

"Very fine young man, that Stanson. Don't you think so?"

said the Doctor.

"No," Alice answered, shortly. "Oh, you don't! I suppose nobody can compare with that poverty-stricken engineer of yours. Well, you'll never see him again," -the Doctor's sneering tone became malicious-" so you'd better make up your mind to be consoled. Stanson is rich, and I want you to be civil to him, because I'm not such a fool as to let him slip through my fingers with all his fleece, if you are."

The girl did not reply, and went on wiping dishes. But when her father had gone down-town she dropped the dish-towel, and stared at the spotless china with unseeing

"What did he mean by saying I shall never see him again!" she "How does he know? thought. Oscar can't have returned yet, so I couldn't have heard from him in And whether Oscar any case. cares or not, he wouldn't have told him. He said he left the address with Mrs. Ralton, so that any one who inquired for us might have She'll be sure to tell-

The germ of suspicion imparted by her father's words had been developing rapidly under the fostering influence of the emotion those words had produced, and now suddenly emerged from her brain fullgrown, in the conviction that her father had lied. "He never told her," she said to herself. "He knew I should be too proud to write first, and Oscar will not know

where to write to."

After the shock of the discovery had passed, she tried hard to find a way by which she might let the man she loved know where she was, and still keep her proud reserve intact. At last an idea came to her, and she ran upstairs to her room. Hastily pushing aside some books on her table, she picked up a volume of Tennyson, and, getting a pencil, wrote underneath the name on the fly-leaf:

"DEAR FRIEND:

"In the hurry of packing, your book was put in with mine.

"In haste,

" ALICE BANKS."

Then, after heading it with her address, very carefully written, she wrapped up the book, and putting on her hat and cloak, carried it down to the express-office. When it had been weighed, and the charge paid, she went back home, and put away her dishes with a lighter heart. She was certain to get his letter, if he wrote, for she was always at home when the mailcarrier came, and her father, no doubt thinking it unnecessary to watch her correspondence, since there was no one to write to her, unless it were Oscar, always let her receive the mail. He evidently felt secure in her pride, thinking she would send no word first, since it would not occur to her that Oscar did not know her whereabouts. Nor would it have occurred to her but for those words this morning. Even then she had been too proud to write him a letter with the ostensible object of letting

him know she wished him to know where she was. But to a woman in love, the cunning to so disguise a design that to even the keenest observer the frankness of its face seems the unconsciousness of innocence, is instinct.

A month afterward Alice did receive a letter. It was a long one,

beautresper protected whim her transport than the daher transport than the daher transport than the gwith where has between nate of must

"Kneeling on the floor, she placed her head close to the crack"

and made her so happy that when her father came home, bringing Benton Stanson with him, she surprised them both with her graciousness.

Benton and the old man had become very intimate, the intimacy unaffected by the fact that each understood the other's motive in fostering it, and knew that his motive was likewise understood by the other. So Benton came often, and the Doctor tried to atone for Alice's coldness by his own affability.

The sensations the girl roused in Benton were so different from those he had hitherto experienced that he was convinced he was really in love at last. Admiration of her beauty was supreme; then came respect for her pride; and a certain protecting tenderness that delighted while it puzzled him, and made him less selfish in his thoughts of her than he had ever been toward any one in his life before. She was never out of his mind for more than a moment at a time during the day, and at night he followed her tantalizing figure as it flitted, like a will-o'-the-wisp, through his dreams. He was only twenty-one, and twenty-one is a soil wherein the germ of foolishness multiplies with amazing rapidity, especially where a hereditary susceptibility has been transmitted. He whose twenty-one years have been fortunate enough to escape the disease must have inherited a remarkably

> strong resistance, or been guarded by a singularly pure atmosphere.

But, in spite of his persistence, and her father's commands, Alice showed him no favor. It was not that she had any rooted dislike for him, for one

could not readily dislike Benton; but her heart was full of some one else.

She burned her letter at the first opportunity, and then replied to it. The answer to her reply came one day, a week later, when, by rare good luck, her father had gone to the country to see a sick man, who, tired of taking bitter pills

himself, had seized the opportunity of receiving the benefit while the medicine went to God in the shape of hypocrisy, sugar-coated with prayer. Alice was sewing when a knock came, and, on opening the door, she found a tall young man, whose face was almost hidden by his turned-up collar, and his soft black hat pulled low on his forehead. Alice gave a startled cry, and flung the door wide open. He stepped inside and shut the door. "Where is your father?" he

asked, with a quick glance round.
She told him, and for several
moments they stood facing each
other, she with her eyes on his
coat-collar, the red flame in her
face growing steadily brighter, he
with his eyes fixed upon her face

with his eyes fixed upon her face. Suddenly he put out one hand and drew her to him, and holding her close with one arm, he put the hand of the other into his pocket, and drew forth a ring.

and drew forth a ring.
"Do you like it?" he asked, softly, holding it to the tip of her engagement-finger.

engagement-finger.
"Yes," she answered, shyly.
He slipped it on, and kissed her.
"I can't wear it, though, Oscar,"
she said, presently. "Father would

not let me, if, as you said in your letter, he refused to consent to our marriage."

"Yes; and I told him I wouldn't heed his disapproval, if you said yes. I suppose that's why he went off without leaving your address. I suppose we shall have to wait until you are of age. If we run away we might not be able to get out of the State, and we can't get a license here."

"No, we will wait; I could not bear to run away. It will be but a few months till June. That won't be long. He can't make me marry any one else."

"Is he trying to?" demanded Oscar, quickly.

"Oh, no," she answered, hastily.
"Who is that Stanson you mentioned in your letter?"

She told him, and he said, with a savage gleam in his eyes, "If he annoys you, let me know."

She smiled as she stroked the velvet of his collar.

"He does not annoy me," she said. "Tell me about your place. Is it far from here?"

"No; Ashbury is only ten miles from here,—just an hour's drive, so let me know if you need me; you can telephone. I took the place because I should be near you. I am engineer of the waterworks there. That reminds me that I haven't any too much time to catch the train. When I come again I am going to ask your father's consent once more. You don't suppose he would carry you off again?"

"I would write if he did," she

"I rather think I should expect it," he replied, with a quizzical look. "But it isn't likely I could get a position near you. I shall be here Sunday; good-bye now."

As she watched him walking away she caught sight of Benton Stanson coming up the street, and, springing up, she locked the doors and went to her room. She wanted no interruption of the joy of her thoughts.

The next day was Wednesday. Early in the morning her father said to her, "There is a woman coming to-day, Alice, who wishes to converse with me about our blessed faith. She has been deeply touched by our meetings, and longs for further light. As it is embarrassing to express one's feelings in a stranger's presence, especially such an unsympathetic presence as yours, I wish you would absent yourself while she is here."

"Well," said the girl, indifferently, "when will she be here?" "About one o'clock, I think,"

he answered.

"I'll go down-town," said Alice.
"I saw by the paper that there is to be a cloak-opening at Reynolds's. I want a new cloak, so I'll go down. Will two hours be long enough to stay away?"

"Plenty, plenty," he answered,

pleasantly.

So about one o'clock Alice got ready to go. As she was going out her father said, "I guess I'll have time to run down to the Postoffice. Wait, and I'll walk down with you."

They went out together, and the Doctor locked the front door.

"The back door isn't locked," said Alice.

He stood irresolute a moment, then said, "Oh well, never mind; I'll be gone only a moment."

She left him when they reached the store, and went in. After looking at the cloaks awhile, she chanced to put her hand into her pocket, and found that she had not her purse.

"It's in the pocket of my other dress," she thought. "I'll run up and get it before father and the

woman get there.'

In a moment more she was going hastily up a side street toward her home. It was a shorter way than the other, but it brought her to the rear of the house instead of the front. However, there was no fence around the lot, and she ran through the alley and up to the back door.

"Lucky it wasn't locked," she thought, as she opened it.

From habit she gave the door a push as she passed through, and it shut with a slam as she entered the front room, and went across to a closet that existed there as a memento of some one's poor taste in housebuilding. Here she had to

shut the door after she was in, in order to get at her dress, which hung behind the door. She had just found her pocket, when she heard the front door open. Before she could withdraw her hand her father's voice said, "The girl is gone; I sent her away."

"I'm glad of that," replied a

woman's voice.

The Doctor laughed. "There's not much mother's-love in you, is there, Fanny?" said he.

"I hate the brat as well as her father. You don't wonder at it, do you?" was the response.

"Well, we often wonder at mother-love, but we wonder a great deal more when we don't find it," answered the Doctor.

Alice took her hand from her pocket, and, kneeling on the floor, placed her head close to the crack under the door. Under every door of the cheaply-built house there was a space large enough to put your hand through; and these, with the chinks of the ill-fitted windows, constituted the system of ventilation common to houses of its class. The door itself was thin, and Alice could hear very plainly.

"It sounds like the voice of that woman who was to see father a few days before we moved here," she thought; and with the thought came the suspicion that she had had something to do with that removal. But those other startling words, sinking into her mind, had burst amid her thoughts like a bombshell, and scattered all before them. No motherly love! What could that mean but that it was her mother? Her breath came so hard that she feared it would betray her, and she buried her face in the folds of her skirt.

"Well, how is the game going?" began the woman, after a pause, during which she had evidently seated herself, as Alice heard the noise of a chair being placed in

"Good," answered the Doctor, he is crazy after her, and gets worse every day."

"You keep close watch?" she inquired, in an anxious tone.

"Of course," he replied, with a laugh, "But there's no need; she's

as proud as the devil."

"I never heard that the devil's pride kept him virtuous," remarked the woman, dryly. "She gets that pride from him. John Stanson is the proudest man on earth; and it will be through that pride I'll have my revenge. Does he think much of this nephew, do you know?"

"Everything. He and his wife have no children, you know. But, Fanny, I don't exactly understand your scheme. Aren't you making a mistake in thinking you will wring Stanson's heart by this marriage? Maybe he'll be glad of the chance to make it up to the girl."

"You fool!" exclaimed the woman, contemptuously. "If that were all I don't doubt he would be glad, especially since the girl is what she is. I shouldn't wonder if he would be fond of her, for he tried hard to find out where she was. But listen. Suppose the boy and Alice get married secretly. It will cause a stir in Dunville, and the papers will be full of it. It will be blow enough for one day for John Stanson to know that he is connected with the old faith-quack. Then, the next day, some one sends to the city and local papers an elaborate effusion on the atonement of fate, giving the girl's romantic history, her disgraceful origin, the names of her parents, and dwelling upon the strange chance that led to her father's nephew giving, unawares, to his cousin, the name her father had denied her. Won't it be piquant reading? The reporters will interview you, of course, and you,—you will be delightful, you old fraud, when your sense of justice compels you to overcome your hatred of notoriety. Now, what do you think of my plan? Why, it will eat John Stanson's heart out. Many a man with his money would get over it, but he never will. And his wife! think how it will grind him to face his wife."

Her voice rang with such malignant triumph that Alice seemed to see the gloating joy on her face asshe looked across at the Doctor, who did not reply for a while, then said slowly, "Fanny, the Lord (and man, too, for that matter) knows I am no saint, but I don't like it. The girl doesn't love me, but she has always been dutiful and respectful, and, much as she despises me herself, she doesn't allow any one to speak slightingly of me before her. She is one of those whose pride not only exacts respect for self, but resents pity for surroundings. I don't know where she got her character; I think it must be with mixing natures as with mixing colors - in certain combinations one deepens the tone of the other; in others the result is something entirely distinct and different, as when common red and blue produce the rare, æsthetic violet. Why can't you leave the girl alone after she's married?"

"How about your income?" asked his companion, coolly.

"I shouldn't wonder if Stanson could provide for me better directly than as he has been doing indirectly," he returned.

"Oh, indeed!" she exclaimed sneeringly, "Do you suppose he would be willing to provide for your two wives also?" she added, meaningly.

"Oh, come, Fanny, you have me there. How can a man serve two masters, especially when both are women. Besides, it's better for their peace of mind that I am free, for you know they would be quarrelling over me all the time''— and the Doctor chuckled.

"I think they would compromise with each other by sending you to serve the State awhile," replied the woman, significantly.

"They haven't any clew, have they?" the Doctor asked, anx-

iously.

"No, but they will have, if you try any of your tricks on me. I haven't anything to lose by pub-

licity."

""Who steals my purse, steals trash?' and no one can steal your good name, can they, Fanny? You are right. But suppose the scheme falls through? I am not afraid of the boy's failing us, but I am afraid the girl will refuse to have him. I told you about that engineer; I thought she liked him. He wanted to marry her. I told her I had left our address, so she will not write,—she's too proud; but I don't know about getting her to marry the boy."

"If he asks her, and she refuses, bring her to me. I'll warrant she'll be glad enough to marry him

when I get hold of her."

"All right; I'll be glad to get that part of the job off my hands. I shall be glad to be free of my charge entirely, though I think I have made an admirable father," said the Doctor, with a laugh.

"Poor old fellow! I suppose you do find it dull," she said, commiseratingly. "Still, it isn't so dull as a cell would be, is it? What a time we used to have at

the old place, Jack."

"Yes," he replied with a sigh, "and what a drawing-card you used to be, Fanny. I sometimes wonder if the girl remembers anything of those days. It was a good thing for her I had to get out, for she would probably have grown up there."

"A good thing! Bless my soul, but you are getting virtuous—in thought. I never suspected you

of having ideals."

"Even the worst man have ideals, Fanny, only they keep them put away, like photographs in an album, to be taken out and exhibited when visitors come. But it's time you were going. The girl may return, and perhaps she remembers you. She asked me once where her mother was, and I told her her mother was an angel. I didn't tell her in which place, though."

The woman laughed, then said, "Come along and show me where

Stanson lives."

"All right," replied the Doctor, and they went out together.

(To be concluded in December number.)





AN OLD-TIME BOSTON SCHOOL AND SCHOOLGIRL

By MARY DURGIN GRAY

HE mention made in a recent paper in THE BOSTONIAN of "The New England Primer," and some descriptions thereof, recalls to me plainly the one I usedperhaps the same-when I was entered at the primary department of the old Phillips School, at the corner of Anderson (then West Centre) and Pinckney Streets, a little more than forty years ago. One day last summer I walked over my childhood's haunts in that vicinity, and I should say that the very picket-gate through which I entered from Pinckney Street was still standing, it looked so familiar.

The primary school was then kept by a Miss Moore, who had taught there for I don't know how many years; my mother had been her pupil there when she was a little girl; and it was with a feeling of great distinction that I rose when

visitors came, and my teacher said, "Mary, you may stand," and added, "I had that child's mother in my school." I wonder if all the Boston primary schools of that day were managed like this one, or if Miss Moore had ways of her own, -I incline to the latter opinion. There were boys and girls in the school, and, reaching the top of the stairs, and standing in her presence, we were required to salute her thus, "Good-morning, Miss Moore"-the girls dropping a curtsy, and the boys doffing their caps; and as we departed at night, "Good-evening, Miss Moore," was our last recitation, the very drawling intonation of which tingles my ears at this moment.

I was allowed to enter as a pupil when only four years old, but may have been favored because "that child's mother was in her school," but whether I was benefited by such precocious treatment is not for me to say,—at any rate I enjoyed it, and the privileges attend-



"But the crowning glory of all, was to wear home one of the medals"

ant upon it. Various rewards were offered for perfect recitations and

good behavior.

Standing in a row, toeing a crack in the floor before our instructor, held by her bright black eyes and dominant presence, we conquered our A B C's, large and small, learned to add, substract and divide the trees, bee-hives, apples, and pears pictured in our books; knew how much of a sugar-

loaf remained if it were cut in halves, and one-half divided between James and John, and a third of the other half was given to Thomas. I always associated the cubes of bread of which my mother partook at Dr. Howe's communion-table with what was left after Thomas got his share; they looked so white and grainy, I felt sure it was sugar, though called bread.

Calisthenics were unknown to us as such, but we certainly practiced them in scrambling for the candy which was tossed towards a group of the faithful after those who had failed had been sent to their seats; and to this day red and yellow acid-drops and striped peppermint-drops recall my school-

days at Miss Moore's.

But the crowning glory of all, was to wear home one of the medals, suspended from bright ribbons, at the end of a week of non-tardiness, absence, or misbehavior. I seem now to see myself, a bit of a girl, with golden hair braided and hanging down my back, or crossed and tied with pretty ribbons behind my ears; with my precious medal clasped in one hand, and my primer in the other, I must skip across Pinckney Street to look into the window of a toy-shop whose place is now occupied by a tall brick structure. I think this shop was kept by a Miss Horne, and from the open pages of "Mother Goose" I first learned of Jack Spratt and his wife, and Simple Simon's fishing episodes. Large cream-cakes at three cents each tickled our palates and soothed them when a few chance pennies strayed into our pockets. Other places of interest there were on the way to and from my home, which was in a court off Revere (then May) Street.

On the corner of Myrtle and Anderson Streets, lived an aunt of my mother, referred to by Mr. Forbes, in his "Old West End Papers," as Madame Cockayne. Her home was a sort of half-way house, which it was my delight to enter, as I was pretty sure to be fed from a certain bureau-drawer with some

cents, which, it seemed to me, were of more account than the smaller cents, when they came into use.

The door of this dwelling seems to beckon to me even now when I pass, and a sigh for the care-free days of childhood involuntarily es-



"He used to go in and sit on a keg and talk with 'Daddy' De Wolf"

dainty or fruit, by a cousin Mary Ann, who made her home there on account of Aunt being an invalid at that time. Mary Ann must have been fond of children, for she used to save for me all the paper bags in which groceries came, which, it well pressed, could be exchanged at Gove's store, across the way, for candy,—a certain number of bags being equivalent to a cent,—one of the large old-fashioned copper

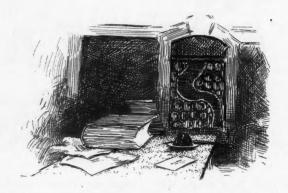
capes me. Bodge's provision store, on an adjacent corner, was another magnet to me. In summer the boxes of currants and cherries, and the many vegetables displayed at the door, were great attractions. Once, with a little pail and a few pennies, I went there to buy some cherries. Hastening out with my precious purchase, I had hardly turned the corner when I slipped on a discarded cherry, and, as I fell to

as I did.

the sidewalk, my pail was overturned and my cherries went rolling along and reached the May-Street corner before my tearful descent of the hill had been accomplished.

Another resort of mine was the little store kept by an old man named De Wolf, on May Street, beyond West Centre Street. Here were kept sticks of striped candy in glass jars, and mites of all colors. Of the latter you could get a paper tunnel full for one cent, and if you ate only one at a time they

would last, perhaps, a half-hour. I was told by a parishioner of Dr. Miner's, at the latter's funeral, that he used to go in and sit on a keg and talk with "Daddy" De Wolf, as we children called him, frequently and long. All these simple memories arise in connection with the mentioning of "The New England Primer," and I am wondering if there are among the readers of The Bostonian others of Miss Moore's pupils who loved her little school





HIS YOUTH AND ASSOCIATES

BY A. LOVETT STIMSON

following biographical notes are not intended to cover any part of Mr. Rice's public career, nor indeed any of his ma-They concern ture experiences. only his youth and ante-collegiate manhood, and are written by one somewhat familiar for more than sixty years with his unblemished life, even to its close. The world's immortal dramatist and poet has fitly expressed the somewhat sombre fact that no one can escape calumny; nevertheless, who is there that remembers to have heard, or even read in political newspapers, anything against the personal character of Alexander Hamilton Rice? That he enjoyed a rare exemption from editorial criticism may not, perhaps, be insisted on, but certainly he did have an almost unexceptional status with "the fourth estate,"—id est, the journalists, -as was notably manifested by all of them during his last days on earth, and when, all too soon, his noble countenance was like the stone fashioned into permanent beauty by the sculptor's art, lifeless yet eloquent,-how ad-

miringly those chroniclers testified in their newspapers and magazines to the virtues and graces, as well as the life-long usefulness, of the good man gone! They well knew that their willing pens spake, as it were, the unanimous sentiment of a just and sympathizing people. Were every true journalist's pen a telephonic tube, voicing public thought to listening ears, it could not serve its popular use any better than it does. Every loyal Bostonian, every cititizen in the Commonwealth of which the lamented ex-Governor was the highly honored chief,-nay, more, every true American, familiar with the record of Congressman Rice's unflinching and untiring support of President Lincoln throughout those sanguinary years which our own wise, brave "Father Abraham," sealed with his best blood; all these, our fellow citizens and compatriots, if still alive, and cognizant of the press' in memoriams over the death of Alexander H. Rice, responded "Amen" to those spontaneous ebullitions of sorrow-tinged praise.



The Father of Alexander H. Rice



Mr. Rice's Mother

Alexander H. Rice was in the House of Representatives while Sumner was in the Senate, and John A. Andrew was Governor of the State.

There were other "War-Governors," ex-Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, Morton of Indiana, and several more, but not one, methinks, so able, prompt, watchful and efficient as John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, the bosom-friend of Alexander H. Rice.

But it is not Mr. Rice's mature life that we would consider in this brief review. Rather is it our purpose to show the youth of New England how as boy and youngster, Alexander (our own, and far nobler than the Greek), by patient perseverance in well-doing, and the wise and industrious use of the proper sorts of books, laid the foundation for his grand manhood.

Now, just here, it is the right

thing to do to call the attention of our boys to the experiences and environments enjoyed by Hamilton Rice (as we used to call him) in what Bulwer styles, in his rich blank verse, "The halcyon days of youth." Not that his surroundings were any brighter, or his brain more powerful, than is the case now with a multitude of our New England lads.

He was born in "Newton, Lower Falls," in Norfolk County, Massachusetts, in 1818. His father owned and worked a paper-mill, having a water-power convenient, and of adequate capacity. Of his four sons, John, Thomas, Hamilton, and J. Willard, only the eldest assisted him in the factory. It is remarkable that all of the three sisters are still living, (albeit the eldest, Mrs. Martha Garfield, of Newtonville, Mass., is eighty-nine years old,) and in the full use of

all their faculties. A good picture of these well-preserved ladies was recently achieved by a photographer at Newtonville. Such types of New England womanhood are worth preserving, and the photograph of these is really a study.

The parents of the seven goodly scions were Thomas Rice and Lydia Smith, a hard-working couple, for with a large family in such hard times, and especially during the long period of business depression that followed President Jackson's removal of the Government deposits from the United States Bank, no industry suffered more stagnation than that of paper-mills; and very competent firms of papermakers in Massachusetts, such as Tileston & Hollingsworth, George W. Wheelwright, William Parker, Crehore & Co., Crane & Co., and the Butlers, became utterly discouraged. Of course, the less wealthy Mr. Thomas Rice, with his big family, had hard work to make a living, much less any purpose to send a son to college; nevertheless, being a whole man, and naturally light-hearted, and having a wife not a bit afraid of work, he smiled blandly on the situation, remarking now and then that it was a long lane that had no turning. In truth, he was an uncommonly amiable and genial gentleman when the writer of this article (a Boston associate of his son Hamilton) first met him at his papermill. The photograph given of him represents Governor Rice's father as he looked when nearly or quite seventy years old; yet what a cheerful and even hilarious face it is! Methinks we can see in it the merry mood sometimes worn by his more gifted son, the subject of this meagre sketch. The more judicial and wise intellect of the late Governor, in his graver hours, was inherited from his well-endowed

mother, whose thoughtful countenance, as seen in her photograph, has an almost magisterial cast. However, the senior Mrs. Rice was in fact an agreeable lady, an affectionate wife and mother, much valued and looked up to in her

own home.

If the gifted son plumed himself on anything, it was on his good manners, including civility to the lowly no less than to the rich and the fashionable. "God's gentleness," the psalmist says, made King David great. It is no less true that it made George Washington and Abraham Lincoln great; and Hamilton Rice never forgot There are lads, well-meaningenough, yet feeling at liberty to accost or answer very brusquely any other member of the home that shelters them, (except, perhaps, the paterfamilias, whose pat-s are not always of the softest). The loving and too indulgent mother, or the affectionate sisters, are wounded daily by the harsh or surly tones of the inconsiderate sons; but John, Thomas, and Hamilton Rice were not of that unamiable variety. Probably the youngest of the flock, J. Willard, the handsomest boy in Newton a half century ago, was as good as he looked. He resides in Waltham, Mass., and at seventy years of age is still hale and fair to see. The three sisters, all older than Willard, the eldest being eighty-nine years old, (or "young," as Dr. Oliver Holmes would phrase it,) are Mrs. Martha S. Garfield of Newtonville, Mass., Mrs. Benjamin F. Martin of Manchester, N. H.; and Mrs. S. M. Shepard, of Dorchester. They are as hospitable and generous as they are wealthy.

Owing to the disfigurement of his upper lip by the iron-shod hoof of a horse, which, stumbling into a hole on a dark night, had thrown



ALEXANDER H. RICE, At the Age of Thirty Years

him over its head and trodden on the prostrate rider's face, young Hamilton was averse to having a portrait of himself taken; hence, we do not find any picture of him revealing the scar.

That painful disaster deserves fuller mention. One night, when the future Governor was studying for college, and total silence reigned in the Rice homestead, a great light suddenly illuminated the sky and flared into our student's dormitory. It came from a burning building which he mistook for a dwelling-house. Bent upon lending what aid he might to the family living in it, the young man quietly descended the stairs in his unshod feet, (not to awaken his mother and sisters, all of whom were in bed,) and, going to his father's barn, saddled and bridled a horse, and, walking it to the road very carefully, so as to avoid discovery, was soon on his way to the conflagration, as fast as the animal could run. However, the burning building proved to be only a barn, and, without dismounting, he rode rapidly back to his home. Unfortunately, when near the house, the accident occurred. Bleeding and insensible, he was borne into the presence of the aroused family, and cared for as well as possible until next day, when a surgeon was brought from Boston to conduct the case. A painful operation was performed; the almost severed upper lip was sewed together in place, and speedy recovery promised. All the same it took some weeks, and Hamilton's intended entrance on college life in Schenectady was postponed for a year. It was an immeasurable disappointment to the ambitious sufferer, but he bore both that and his bodily pain with unrepining equanimity; a fortitude that gave his griefoppressed friends a new stimulus for their admiration of his manliness. There was Christian fortitude and resignation in a reply he made to a remark and sigh wrung from his mother as she bent over him: "It will be all for the best, mother."

He recovered in time, a scarred but never a scared man; and, in the following year (1841), was received by dear old Dr. Nott into Union College. We remember well that deep white scar-trace on his upper lip, and the broken tooth beneath it; but before he became the candidate of a party the flaw in his handsome face was lost to view. The photograph made when he was about twenty-six years old, it will be seen, does not indicate the scar.

The thousands who saw and heard him while he was Mayor of Boston (1855 to 1857), failed to see it; and in his still more honorable

years of oratory, and innumerable talks on public occasions, very few, if any, of his hearers had any idea of the scar that was there. Perhaps he had taken care not to have any portrait of himself taken, either singly or in group; hence, as before stated, there is no picture of him earlier in life than this (cameraed probably from an oil-painting) of which we are the publishers.

Prior to entering on his collegiate experience, he availed himself of the tuition afforded him by a cultivated teacher of elocution, in order to overcome an impediment in his speech, the result of the injury to his upper lip. But who that ever listened to him, either in conversation, or in his ever-happy occasional addresses, during the last fifty years, fancied that there was a vocal defect in his delivery? Doubtless his ambition to talk well, and to read much, was stimulated by his evenings in the Mercantile Library rooms.

In considering the intellectual helps that, to some extent moulded the receptive mind of Hamilon Rice, his study of his great namesake's speeches, and the record of his grand public services in the halls of Congress during the most crucial experiences of our new-born nation, must not be forgotten. Alexander Hamilton was an intellectual giant worthy of his veneration.

Nor should another and more agreeable fountain of knowledge enjoyed by Hamilton Rice be overlooked.

In the year 1820, an "old bach" named William Wood, then a middle-aged resident and a retired merchant in the famous lake-town of Canandaigua, in the State of New York, kindly conceived the idea that, having no children of his own, and naught else to prevent, he would operate a benevolent scheme for the benefit of other



WILLARD RICE, Youngest Brother of Alexander H. Rice

folks' boys. Dr. Benjamin Franklin had bequeathed money to the City of Boston, both for the purchase of medals to be presented to the six best scholars graduating from the grammar schools, and to establish a free library for mechanics' apprentices. The latter fund was to be in the care of the Mechanics' Charitable Association. Taking a hint from Franklin's well-planned beneficence, Mr. William Wood, though not rich in anything save good feeling towards his fellow men, and especially for the youth of America (though himself of English birth), resigned his business pursuits, and, repairing to New York city, and later to Boston, established in each a public library for merchants' clerks. Neither was a very costly undertaking, nor was he the sole contributor; for, soliciting from some merchants their co-operation, they cheerfully gave both books



MRS. MARTHA_S, GARFIELD, MRS. BENJAMIN F. MARTIN, AND MRS. S. M. SHEPARD Sisters of Alexander H. Rice

and money. Mr. Wood's admirable scheme was a success; nothing startling, to be sure, nor benefiting an enormous number of readers right away; but in course of time helping thousands of young clerks to much mental recreation, and not a little tuition in useful knowledge.

To one of those two societies, more than to any other agency beyond the limits of his parents' home, Hamilton Rice, two generations ago, was indebted for his ambition, and the foundation of his success in public life. Nor did he, in later years, fail to look back with affectionate gusto to the happy reunions and instructive hours he had passed in the readingrooms and lecture-halls of the Mercantile Library Association in Boston.

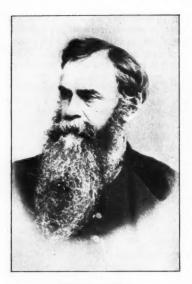
His friend Whipple's wide knowledge of English literature fired him with a thirst for the best authors; the beautiful elocution of Thomas R. Gould (not one whit inferior, he thought, to that of the famous Edward Everett); graceful poetry and sparkling jests of handsome "Jim" Fields; the earnest forensic force of "Ed." Stearns; the calmer, but equally convincing, logic of Elliot C. Cowden or George Warren; the felic-itous wit of "Tom" Allen; the sedate argument of N. P. Kemp; the incisive hits by Parry Kennard,—all contributing to enrich every evening that happened to be devoted either to public debate or declamation,—impressed, and, in a sense, prepared Hamilton Rice for his own remarkable success as a ready, and ever graceful, public

The institution (from the year 1820 to 1835), had been conducted by a Board of Directors, consisting of merchants' clerks, impressed and saturated with the idea that it

was to be simply a harbor for books, some of which were to go out and come in at intervals to suit; and that was all there was to it. natural result, the list of members was miserably small. In 1835, or thereabouts, some of the hardiest of "the young fry," as we were called by the conservatives, who were holding the fort as a close corporation, entered a passionate protest against the dry rot that was killing the concern, and advocated a new departure, viz., a series of weekly exercises, in which any member might take part. This proposal was received in frigid silence by "the old fellows," as we used to call the very respectable directors whose ages reached the twenties; but "we boys" persisted in forcing our point to a public discussion; and, after many meetings, hot with debate, in which we were backed by a considerable accession of new men, or, rather, new boys, who had been induced by us to join the Association, the "revolutionists" carried the fort by storm. It was voted to have four different exercises per month, viz.: one night for a lecture, one for declamation, one for composition, and one for debate; but only one per

The change in the life and interest of the rooms was immediate and "revolutionary," indeed.

Isaiah M. Atkins, Jr., Ed. and George Stearns, Thomas J. Allen, N. P. Kemp, and O. M. Hatch, were active workers in the new order of affairs. The innovating exercises were conducted with such spirit and success that the membership was doubled, and, in 1836 the "M. L. A." found it expedient to move into larger rooms, and Harding's Hall was rented. It was to that place that Hamilton used to resort for inspiration and choice books. It served him as a pre-



THOMAS R. GOULD

paratory college, or coacher. Stephen Fairbanks, William Sturgis, and other wealthy Bostonians had been giving liberally from their own libraries, so the Association could boast of about two thousand books.

Young Rice's scarred lip, and impeded utterance, were sufficient to deter one of his sensitive spirit from taking any part whatever in any of the popular exercises, but he enjoyed being present; especially when E. P. Whipple, Thomas R. Gould, T. J. Allen, Ed. Stearns, or any other of that talented coterie (including William Kennard), shared in the exercises, or in the salient fire of witty conversation. Really, some of those sparkling intellects, scarcely out of their teens, were as entertaining as Charles Matthews himself.

At that date "our best essayist" was in his nineteenth year, and Thos. R. Gould was of the same age. His brother "Sam" was two years younger. The sculptor died sud-

denly in Florence, more than thirty years later, leaving a widow and two artist sons. Samuel, a man of great vim and business rush, died while yet an insurance president, leaving a widow and several daughters. The photographs of the Gould brothers accompany this article. M. P. Kennard, another invaluable member of the M. L. A. for many years, lived to see it attain a large membership (over 1,000), and signal usefulness, and then resign its thousands of books to the Boston Public Library—a suitable heir, yet not fully a satisfactory substitute, since it has no weekly exercises.

Both the M. L. A. and the Mechanics' Apprentices' Association graduated (if we may use that collegiate phrase) many young fellows who, a few years later, became eminently useful, and even conspicuously active, in the conduct of public affairs. Such men



SAMUEL GOULD

as Wm. Banks, Warren Sawyer, M. P. Kennard, S. Dexter Crane, James T. Fields, Edwin P. Whipple, from the M. L. A.; and J. L. Scott, Fred. W. Lincoln, Charles W. Slack from the "Apprentices," (after it had ceased to be a ward of the Mechanics' Charitable Association). Those societies Mr. Rice declared to be the best helps that graduates from the common schools could possibly desire, short of a college. Charles W. Slack (son of Ruggles) became one of the best Democratic editors; · - Wyman joined the corps of the "Golden Rule" newspaper; and Thomas W. Tucker shoved pen and pencil in one or more offices with marked ability, always eager to bear witness to "the grand old institution" of which he was so long a member.

Among the members entering it the same year that A. R. Rice did, we recall the name of only one who survives. He is a retired merchant named Charles A. Hewins.

The societies originated twentyfive or thirty years ago with Christian names and objects are very deservedly successful, but are not entirely satisfactory substitutes for the former library associations, with their pleasing and instructive exercises in composition, declamation, and debate.

Undoubtedly that was the opinion of Governor Rice and E. P. Whipple; probably of Fields, and the Goulds, also. The Mercantile Library Association pleased both Daniel Webster and Edward Everett, as was made plain by their addresses to it. Where now can we find vast audiences of young and middle-aged people seated, and filling with light and beauty one night in every week during the winter months the lower auditorium and three tiers of galleries of the Odeon, to listen to a popular lect-

ure such as the Mercantile Library Association afforded the people of Boston forty years or more ago? Shade of Elliott C. Cowden, answer that conundrum if you can!

Would such a course of lectures as at that period could attract to the Odeon twenty-five hundred intelligent and happy Bostonians one night each week be impossible in this fin de siècle? No? Well, why not try it then? At that date, the Mercantile Library Association had increased from eight hundred to twelve hundred members, mostly young men gallantly escorting on such attractive occasions, either their sweethearts or sisters to that intellectual feast. What could be more instructive and enjoyable? Let a similar literary institution be revived: at least encourage the young folk of our own era and city to reestablish its exercises and lectures.

Mr. Rice's admiration of the late Edwin Percy Whipple has been alluded to; and on every account it was well deserved, for the modest young man was a lovely character; but his liking for Daniel N. Haskell (though for other reasons) was scarcely less pronounced. He was at that period a clerk and manager in E. V. Ashton's store in Washington Street. Later he became partner in that place, and, later still, the successor of the gifted sister of the founder of that "little" society journal, Miss Cornelia Walter. Mr. Haskell was a power in the M. L. A., quite different from any other there, and his spirited recitation of one of Dr. Holmes's humorous poems, and the manner and gestures used by him, were a pleasure to Mr. Rice, even in his old age.

A venerable friend of this reviewer (a lady now resident in Commonwealth Avenue in this city), renders the following facts:

"With regard to Mrs. Rice, Hamilton's mother, your impressions are correct. She was one of the smartest and best of women and held the love of all her children as long as she lived. His father had a pleasant disposition, but was not the equal of the mother. She was a woman of business ability. I knew her almost constantly for over forty years, and never knew her to lose her temper. . . . They were a very happy family: among themselves they seemed to be all of one age. Martha, the eldest daughter, had much of the care of her young brother Hamilton and was very tenderly attached to him. This sister, Mrs. M. S. Garfield, of Canton, Mass., says of him: 'He was always gentle, amiable, and tractable, and a bright, studious boy, with a sort of dignity that went with him through all his after-life. It is, however, useless to relate to you, who have been his intimate friend, for so many years, these traits of his character, as you already know them so well.'''

The reviewer's own notion as to the matter of heredity is, that Governor Rice owed his remarkable geniality and elastic spirit to his sire, and to his wiser mother his more than usual thoughtfulness, discernment, and good sound judgment. He was conscientious, truthful, and (as his sisters all testify). an aspiring boy. To illustrate his conscientious abhorrence of lying, Mrs. Martin, a sister now in her eightieth year, related to us recently, that, after he was graduated from college, he went into a drygoods store in Boston as a salesman, but soon threw up the situation, giving, as his reason for the sacrifice, that the practice of lying to the customers in regard to the cost of the goods prevailed in that store, and was sanctioned by the

proprietor, and Hamilton Rice would not lie for anybody.

How many retail dealers in the present fin de siécle will wince at this statement of mendacity behind the counters of some establishments two generations ago, is a conundrum too impertinent for consideration

That loss of a situation providentially again recommended young Rice to the loving remembrance of his former patrons, Messrs. Wilkins & Carter, publishers and paperdealers, then, and for many years, doing business in Water Street, near Devonshire Street, in this city. This firm was the first to issue in America the first of Charlotte Bronté's works, "Jane Eyre,"-a novel of remarkable acumen and emotional power, as most readers of fiction well know. J. H. Wilkins, the senior partner, an admirable citizen of no small influence with the very able Boston press of that period, when newspaper property was at a discount, was a member of the Church of the New Jerusalem, and we believe that R. C. Carter, his worthy partner, was also a believer in Swedenborg. It is our impression, long entertained, that these influential men had extended some little help and more verbal encouragement to young Rice's effort to enter on a collegiate course, in the hope that, when he was graduated, he would study the theology of Swedenborg, and become at length a pulpit exponent of the New Jerusalem system. this was their expectation, they were destined to be disappointed. He often listened to sermons advocating that peculiar theory of Christian living, but preferred the Episcopalian,—though not fully committed to it till later in life.

THE BOYS CALL UPON EMERSON
Perhaps the best-favored of all

those early mates was Thomas R. Gould, of Boston, later in life a sculptor, of whose works our Athens is justifiably modern proud. "Tom," as we used to call that handsome and richly-gifted youth, was the son of a widow of no less charming presence even in the meridian of life. At that time she resided at the West End, and continued to do so many years. (She lived to be ninety-four, dying in the house of friends, in Roxbury, Mass.) Becoming a widow at the age of forty-two years, her four children, all sons, as yet too young to earn their own living, Mrs. Ann Gould did not succumb to her distress, but, looking hopefully to her four hearty boys, and trusting implicitly to the All-Father, faced the discouraging situation bravely; and, by various commendable expedients, entirely independent of extraneous relief, obtained a continuance of her former comfortable living for all her family. Two, perhaps more, of her boys earned money by the delivery of "The Boston Traveller " to a list of subscribers; and all graduated creditably from the public schools, at that period maturing into such reputation throughout America.

Already an ornament and blessing to their neighborhoods in the West End, the Derne Street and Chardon Street seminaries were

hard to excel.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, being then principal in one department of the Chardon Street School, was Tom Gould's teacher, and between the as yet little-known philosopher, and his promising, though very modest pupil, a strong attachment resulted. Nor did it die out with the lad's graduation from it to the "High School" where Pliny Miles was principal, and Thomas Sherwin chief assistant., During an interview in Mr.

Rice's Federal Street office (greatly enjoyed by me), the ex-Governor of our good old Bay State related to me the incidents of a memorable visit made by him in company with his bosom friend Gould, when the Concord sage had himself graduated from the teaching of tyros to the illumination of adult intellects with his transcendentalism. I think it was during the period of Mr. Emerson's intense admiration for Thomas Carlyle,—an admiration that amounted to a disease. His raptures over the British Diogenes infected our young friends. The American savant received the two youngsters with his usual delightful and magnetic urbanity; but superadded to it more evident enjoyment than was characteristic of him in the presence of older heads. In short, he fully shared in their own good spirits, for he was a dear lover of youthful admiration, wise as he was.

Their tarry in-doors was brief, for he was a philosopher of the groves, and, like Plato, preferred to teach as he walked under their shade. Of course, his callow visitors were only too glad to let him do all the talking; and it amused, if it did not make them wiser. Describing it, Mr. Rice declared that he had deemed Tom Gould's voice one of the richest that he had ever listened to; but on that occasion Mr. Emerson's certainly excelled it. Still, it was not the unequalled charm of vocal tone (though it might well have lured the fabled bees of Hebla to his lips) that made the materialist's method and matter so memorable to those young men. It was his amusing development of his beloved pantheism, as they walked together into his favorite grove. As near as we can recall Mr. Rice's report of it, Emerson bowed affably to a tree near him, and actually accosted it

with, "Good-morning; I am glad

to see you!"

Perceiving that his young visitors looked to see the person of some one not visible, the sage smiled amusedly and explained,-"I was addressing this tree. You failed to notice that it greeted me as we approached." Then he waved a smile and a "Good-morning, my thriving friend," to an alder; and another to a sumac; and then smiled a more general salutation to all, both buds and "They all know me," he said, seeing the amused wonder in the faces of his uninitiated company; "all these trees and shrubs are conscious of our presence, no less than the birds and squirrels in the foliage. They know and love me; rejoicing at my coming-all the more because I know their origin, habits, inner life, and occult inclinations. Yes, I am no stranger to their secrets; so they love and confide in me."

Not at all offended by Rice's half-suppressed laugh at the oddity of this extravagance, the pantheist assured them, quite seriously, that all natural objects were endued with a species of intelligence, no less real because entirely occult. He said: "The ancients had known this, hence they made images in honor or worship of the tutelary spirit of the river, the brooklet, the forest, the rocks, and the mountain. Greece had had a multitude of such shrines."

It seems to us (who have fed our admiration of Emerson upon the concrete wisdom and beauty of his "Essay on Nature," and his still later published utterances) hardly credible that there was ever a phase in his mental exercises so utterly "off," notwithstanding that his pronounced transcendentalism subsequently certainly approached, if it did not actually attain, the acme of unreason.

The Concord sage's pantheism failed to infect the admirers who walked with him on that occasion. Thomas R. Gould had a poetic fancy, and in after-years produced some poetry; and later a normal and healthy inspiration stimulated his genius to evolve some fine conceptions in the enduring marble; but his imagination, though it sometimes sailed strange seas, was always well ballasted with common sense. Mr. Rice's youthful mind was not minus a fad of its own, but, subjecting it to a careful and persistent inspection by the strong perceptive faculty which was, perhaps, his best natural gift, he realized that it was not worth harboring, and cast it from him, as not entitled to entertainment. Next he turned his attention to such books as should boost his ambition and capacity for college, as already mentioned.

In 1837-38 he joined the Mercantile Library Association, where he met and admired Edwin Percy Whipple, who at that period was a clerk with Dana, Fenno & Henshaw, bankers, in State Street, Boston. A year or two later Mr. Whipple was the lessee and superintendent of the Merchants' Reading-room; with John Smith, then a famous reporter of marine news, acting as assistant. The first time that we saw our essayist in that grandly-columned and lofty hall, in what was then the most elegant granite structure in State Street, he was sitting at his desk within a railing that separated a very limited corner space from the rest of the great area devoted to a large number of stands for all the commercial newspapers, home and foreign.

He was engaged in the composition of one of his fine lectures, and the presence of Edgar A. Poe standing at the rail did not appear to interrupt him in his work. It was his invariable custom to commit his lectures to memory while the ink was still wet. That is to say, he would write a paragraph, and commit it to memory rapidly; repeating the process until all was completed.

This retrospective glance at Boston's newspaper life in the thirties and forties of this almost ended nineteenth century, it seems only meet and proper to take, before Bellamy's marvellous millennial dawn shall come to so completely

daze with its roseate brilliancy the lucky survivors of 1900, as to entirely blind them to the Boston of the past, and even to this age of Edison and electricity.

Hence, let us now, while yet our "septuagens," and even the sexegenarians, (which of course includes the ladies,) remember two
generations back, recall to mind a
few of the denizens and habitués
of State Street, as seen, forty or
fifty years ago, from the onlooking
windows and clock of that antique
edifice, the Old State House, and
the sanguine daily view of young
Hamilton and his bosom friends.

(To be continued in December number.)





BY WILLIAM T. ADAMS ("OLIVER OPTIC")

S a rule, the schoolmaster of fifty or sixty years ago was a different character from the one required by the public sentiment of the present day. He was not a brute, as some insisted upon calling him, though sometimes his discipline was brutal, and was such as would not be tolerated in our day. For example, I have seen a Boston master, over sixty years ago, require a boy to get down upon his hands and knees and crawl the length of the schoolroom, hardly less than one hundred feet in length, while the master followed him closely and pounded him with his rattan the entire distance. Yet this man had the reputation of being a just and upright man; and I have no doubt that, outside of his schoolroom, he was worthy of his reputation. Years after he ceased to be a teacher he died, and Boston papers recorded his demise with a brief paragraph of eulogy. This short notice attracted the attention of some person who had probably been a pupil of the deceased, and he "hit back," even at a dead man, and he wrote what I knew to be true. Promptly appeared in the same paper a rejoin-

der, in which the writer was as unstinted in his praise as the other had been in his blame. One of the critics had looked upon one side of the man, and the other upon the other side; and over three score years and ten, more than twenty of them as a teacher, convince me that both of them were right.

I have no doubt that this brutal master was a good man, if his virtues and his failings could have been summed up, weighed, and measured impartially; but he was the schoolmaster of sixty years ago, and he stood in a false position before his school and before the world; but he occupied it in obedience to the public sentiment of the time in which he lived. Then, boys were regarded as inherently vicious, and war between master and scholar was regarded as the inevitable relation between them. The mission of the teacher was first to subdue and overcome his pupils. If he could not do this, he was not fit for his place. Fully charged with the prevailing sentiment of his time,—that he must conquer the boys and break down their spirit, if they had any,-his first care was to make an exhibition of

his pugnacity, and thus awe his scholars into a state of subjection. His introductory speech was full of threats against those who might presume to break through the wellestablished rules of the school. Perhaps one of the most heinous of these rules was whispering, and more boys suffered on the palms and fingers of their hands for this offence than for any other. It is not necessary to enumerate the peccadillos of three score years ago, for they were about the same as they are to-day, and every man who went to school in his younger days knows them all. Failure to learn the lesson of the day was a very common corporeally punishable offence.

I used to receive my full share of the "lickings," as they were called then, and the word has not yet been banished from the schoolboy's vocabulary. As a boy of ten or a dozen years old, I used to believe that it was utterly impossible to escape them. I remember very distinctly that I, one forenoon, counted the number of culprits who were whipped on the hand during that session of the school, and made the total fifty-one. The instructor who did all this hard work in three hours, besides attending to his other and less imperative duties, was not the grammar or writingmaster, under the double-headed system of that time, but a subordinate teacher who had in the neighborhood of a hundred pupils. I was not the only black sheep in his fold. I have no doubt that I was guilty; that I whispered, looked behind me, got a blot on my writing-book, or failed in my lesson in arithmetic. I know that, like other boys, I had spasms of goodness, and resolved, as I went to school, not to get a whipping that day; that I would not whisper, "turn round," step on my heels, or commit any other aggravated offence. I honestly tried to be good, but the attempt was generally a failure. If I shunned Scylla on the one hand, I tumbled into Charybdis on the other. If I refrained from whispering, or turning round, I caught it for failing twice in the spelling-lesson. I have no statistics to fortify such a statement, but I have a very strong impression that more than half the boys were whipped on the hand at every session, to say nothing of the cases where a boy was "put over the row" for truancy, running out of school, or some offence more serious than ordinary peccadillos.

Whipping was quite a matter of course in school, as eating and sleeping were in the house. teacher thought no more of it than he did of setting his copies in the writing-books, or hearing his class recite. I recall a grammar-master who used to call out boy after boy for the ordinary offences such as have been named, place them in a line along the wall, and let them remain there till he felt disposed to attend to them. He could not bother with such trivial matters every few minutes; if he did, he would not have had much time to attend to the minor matters of grammar and geography; and then he "polished them off" rapidly, and with the skill of an expert. I was acquainted with this gentleman in later years, and I do not believe that a more honest, high-toned, kind, and conscientious man ever lived. He ruled his school in the spirit of the times in which he lived, and it was the fault of the system, and not of the man.

As boys we used to think the teacher whipped the scholars because he enjoyed it, but the boys were as far wrong as the master himself. I have never been in favor of the abolition of corporal

punishment, but I should rejoice to live in an ideal world where it could be done. As the farmer can raise nothing but white beans in a gravelly hillside, high-toned boys do not come to school, as a rule, from ignorant and vicious families, in which the appeal to high motives is hardly known, and blows rain upon the children from morning to night. There are schools in Boston where corporal punishment is unknown, because it is not necessary. There is as much difference between the material of some schools and that of others, as there is between the worshippers of a Back Bay church and that portion of the population that people

the slums of the city.

I went to a public school in Boston for the first time early in the year 1830. It was the Adams School, then in Mason Street, where the rooms of the School Committee are now located. double-headed system was then in vogue, under which two masters were employed in each school, one in the grammar-department, and the other in the writing-department. Each of them was assisted by a man, and no females were then employed in the schools. Within the last twenty years I read the report of a sub-committee of the School Board presented in the earlier days, recommending very strongly the employment of lady teachers, not because this change would improve the schools, but because it would greatly lessen expenses, an argument that would disgust many of the reformers of the present day. The change was not made then, but it was adopted at a later day. I refer to the grammar schools only, for the primary schools, established in 1818, were always in charge of females, and under the control of a separate committee till 1855, when it was

passed over to the School Board.

No doubt the employment of females as teachers in the grammar schools greatly improved their tone and efficiency. There has certainly been a very decided softening influence at work in the schools within the last half-century; and I have no difficulty in believing that it has been produced in part by the introduction of the feminine element in the ranks of the instructors. This influence has acted. not only on the pupils, but on the male instructors, for the low tone of the schoolroom was not confined to the amount of whipping done, but manifest in the loud, bullying tone of the teacher, in the blackguarding and ridiculing of the scholars, and in the threatening speech which created opposition.

When I went into school for the first time, the writing-master was an old man, and he was the typical schoolmaster of his time. He always wore a long calico dressinggown. His instrument of torture was a cowhide, the butt end of which was the "big doctor," and the other end the "little doctor." He walked about his room with his two "doctors" under his left arm in readiness to be taken with his right hand when occasion required. and it was seldom at rest for any great length of time. If his couple of professionals had received fees for their services, they could have bought up no end of corner-lots when land was cheaper than it is now. I had not been in the school long before he happened to march by my seat in the front row. Down came the "little doctor" over my shoulder, and I writhed with the pain of the blow. "Ha, whispering, eh!" he yelled with as much fury as though I had stolen his pocket-book. I did not know then that it was a heinous crime to whisper. I was only eight years

old, and knew nothing of the rules of the school.

The teaching of that period was as defective as the methods of discipline. We used to write with quill pens then, and a pupil must bring his quill or a cent to buy a couple of them. I was a scholar in the same school a few years later, and had worked myself up to the second class. I liked the master of the writing-department very well indeed, which may account for my promotion, though he had not learned, as he did later, that there was any resort but to the rattan for all offences, defects, and deficiencies. There were always half a dozen or a dozen boys who came to school without the quill, or the cent to buy a supply. These delinquents were called out, about four blows were planted on the hand, and the entire squad from the upper classes were sent

down to the "Eighth Division" as monitors to show the younger boys how to hold their pens. This was a position of authority, and the delinquents were pleased with this part of the punishment. But very soon the number of monitors was rapidly increased, and the boys got the bitter without the sweet, for no doubt many of them forgot the pen or the cent on purpose.

At the present time not only is the tone of the schools vastly higher and better, but the teaching has been improved in even a greater ratio. The School Committee has reduced the amount of corporal punishment in a great degree, whether to a minimum I am not able to say. I think that boys go to their schoolrooms without fear and trembling now, and that the instruction has ceased to be as mechanical as it was sixty years ago, or even half that time.





By Frank N. Jones

O most people the summer season is the pleasantest of all the year. During the winter all our doors are locked which lead to the outside world. But when the warmth of summer comes we step from our sheltered burrows, straight into the very arms of nature, -all stars and dews, all sunrisings and sunsets, all affluence and fresh growth. We seem to breathe a new air, and the universe appears brighter to our sight. The weariness and cares of earth drop away, like trifles, under her slightest touch. Our mental troubles cease to worry and annoy. We are made all over afresh, with stronger will and more determined purpose, to renew the battle of life. Everywhere her beneficence makes its way, to add to the delights of those who rejoice - to comfort the afflicted and the sore. She is met with in the shabbiest courts and dingiest alleys. By her unseen presence squalid waifs and ragged children are transformed into pictures that arrest and gratify the casual glance. She sits beside us on the rocks. She wanders with us along the pebbly shore. She swings in the blossoming tree-tops. She looks in at the attic-windows with a smile. The whole world is better and brighter for her coming, and all nature rejoices under her reign.

This is the summer whose sovereignty lasts between the close of spring and the ushering in of the fall and winter months. At no other period in the year is her like anywhere to be seen. But she has a twin-sister—the Indian Summer -that sometimes drives away the chills of cold November, and strives to imitate her erstwhile regnant relative, with her transient sway. About her coming there is something that is always mysterious and weird. Unsought, unlookedfor, even unthought of, she steals in unawares, and sheds for awhile a certain fragrance all around. Impostor and pretender as she is, she has her momentary victories; but they are shadowy and vague, and are driven away by winter's chilling blasts. The source of her existence is almost as ephemeral as herself. There is no certainty that she will make her appearance at any given time. She sends no herald to the fore, to warn her subjects of her near approach. Scientists have never been able to agree as to the cause of her coming at all.

Her usual advent is in November, or not very far from that time, a little while after that succession of storms and rains which we generally have, commencing with what is commonly called the equinox, about the last week in September, and ending usually about the middle of October; during which time the prevailing winds have been ascertained to be some point west of south and north, or perhaps west Electrical and north of west. causes are negatively, but positively, concerned in the production of Indian Summer. During the summer months the earth, probably from its dryness, often becomes the negative, and the atmosphere, being loaded with moisture, is transformed into the positive, conductor of electricity. The vapor collecting forms clouds highly charged with electricity, which give it out to the earth. Hence the frequent occurrence of bursts of thunder. But these do not fully restore the equilibrium, either of moisture or electricity, and the earth's surface, on the whole, becomes dryer and dryer still. tember comes, and with it a reduction of temperature, which causes the vapor to condense into clouds. Currents and counter-currents of air are formed, and the autumnal rains commence, with what is called the equinoctial storm, which continues generally until past the middle of October, when the equilibrium seems, from some cause, to be restored. The elements cease to contend; a mild, bland atmosphere ensues, and the earth soon absorbs the rain. Under this quiet state of the atmosphere the sun has vet influence enough to keep up a mild temperature—and Indian Summer begins. Some scientists do not agree to the popular belief that during this period there is any marked increase of temperature. It is from the quiet, bland, placid state of the atmosphere, they say, that so many have been led to suppose that the weather is actually warm. The frosts have already put a stop to all vegetation. The leaves have fallen. Annual plants have become dry; and the hunters set on fire the forests and fields, the smoke arising from them being more than sufficient to produce all that peculiar redness of the sky so common to the season called "Indian Summer."

It is interesting to inquire into the origin of the name. Those who, in the early years of the settlement of the country by the whites. were at all conversant with the western and northwestern Indians, are said to have known that during the month of April or May, according to the latitude in which they dwelt, they were accustomed to collect together at what they called their villages or towns, these being situated always on good land, and near some fine lake or river which was filled with fish. Even as late as 1836 the general local advantages of these old Indian villages were so well known that when the land was brought into the market land-speculators sought with avidity for the sections which covered them. The Indians planted their corn there, and a few other vegetables, the squaws performing all the labor, while the men gave up to fishing by far the greater part of their time. They rarely They rarely hunted during the summer months, till the ducks and the geese began to abound, and to be in good condition, which was from the latter part of August until the first of November, during which time they killed great numbers of them in the waters near which their villages were. Thus they lived from about May until November, collected together by hundredssometimes even by hundreds of families.

After gathering their corn and wild rice (if they lived in a country section where rice was grown), drying their fish, and packing in small sacks their provisions for a long march, they prepared for what they called their "winter's hunt." They entirely deserted their villages, and in small bands dispersed to every part of the country, diving into the darkest forests, and ascending the various streams to the remotest portions of their territory, where they passed the winter in hunting and trapping animals, whose skins were valuable, and whose flesh served them well for food.

But there is another story as to the origin of the term "Indian Summer," which, by the people of Massachusetts, may be more readily believed. During the long-continued Indian wars sustained by our forefathers, they are said to have enjoyed no peace save in the winter season, when, owing to the severity of the weather, the Indians were altogether unable to make their warlike incursions into the settlements. They therefore hailed the onset of winter as a general jubilee. During the spring and the early part of the fall, they were usually cooped up in their little uncomfortable forts, subject to all the distresses of Indian wars. But at the near approach of winter there was general rejoicing, for then it was felt that all the farmers could return to their cabins and on their farms (with the exception of the owner of the fort), with the same feeling of satisfaction as that with which the tenant of a prison receives the news of his immediate release. They prepared for winter with bustle and hilarity. They dug the potatoes, gathered in the corn, fattened their hogs, and put their cabins in repair. To them the gloomy months of winter were indeed far more pleasant than were the zephyrs of spring, or the flowers of May.

It happened sometimes, however, according to "Doddridge's Notes," that after the apparent onset of winter the weather became warm again, the "smoky time" commenced, and on occasions lasted for a considerable number of days. "This was the Indian summer," he says, "because it afforded to the Indians the eager opportunity to visit the settlements with their destructive warfare." We can easily realize how the melting of the snow saddened every countenance, and the genial warmth of the sun filled with horror every heart. It was painful to them in the highest degree to have to entertain the apprehension of another visit from the Indians, and of being driven back to the fort, which they disliked so much.

But to us latter-day Americans, particularly in our Eastern States, hemmed in during almost eight months of the year by winter's snowy and icy barricades,—the very name of "Indian Summer" calls to our minds so many essentially poetic images, that our thoughts run riot over the fair scenes its recollections so vividly suggest; and we wonder not that it has inspired such striking and brilliant effusions in our poets' minds. For while it lasts, this welcome season is most heartily appreciated and keenly enjoyed. While it brightens up the face of nature everywhere, it is our landscapes particularly to which it lends the greatest beauty and delight. In the forests, the brighter hues predominate over those of more sombre tints; scarlet, crim-son, yellow, and orange blend pleasingly into each other, the usual autumn brown serving only as the medium to make the harmony

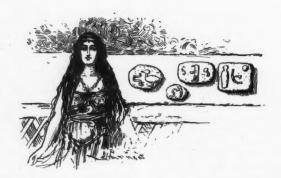
And scarcely has natcomplete. ure become enveloped in this gorgeous winding-sheet, when the other characteristics of the Indian Summer hasten to develop themselves. The temperature of the atmosphere becomes much more mild, and in the air there is a balmy and voluptuous softness, resembling that of the early days in June. A thin, smoky haze floats over the whole face of nature, and diffuses all around a real warmth of coloring and tone. The fallen leaves, scattered about in rich profusion, clothe the earth with a rich and variegated robe, concealing the decaying flowers, and the withered The sun, though pale at its meridian height, is tinged at its setting with a ruby gleam, shadowing, with fervid light, every object upon which it falls. And the moon, as she rises, wears a modest blush, and casts over the planets in the flushing west a more golden aspect than it is their wont to wear.

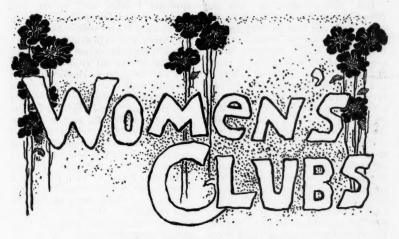
Yes, in itself our Indian Summer is, indeed, beautiful, and in the mountains it presents a magnificent spectacle when our eyes fall from the dazzling curtains of silver and blue which overhang them, to the magnificent landscape in full view. If you ever dreamed of treading a pathway through a rainbow, you can behold a realization of it here, where every shade of color meets the eve, from the rich glowing green of mock-summer, to autumn's dull, faded, dying brown, while the trees hang over and cluster tenderly about the rocky path; and up above, through the interlacing branches, you see the glowing sky, the brightness of the noonday sun, and the snowwhite clouds, fast sailing by.

Like most of our Americanisms, the Indian Summer is often used to typify many other pleasing and fortunate events,—not in any slangy, or derisive manner, but in the same sense and meaning as those which Richard had in mind when he spoke of "the winter of our discontent." We apply it indiscriminately to both the mental and material pleasures of our lives. Even in love it is made to have its place; and with reference to marriage, -which is to woman at once the saddest and the happiest event,—the expression is regarded as peculiarly apposite; for, to a woman, matrimony is certainly the promise of future bliss, raised on the death or all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements, everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. fond parents, by whose advice she has been always guided; the sister, to whom she has dared to impart every embryo feeling and thought: the brother with whom she has played by turns the counselled and the counsellor; and the younger children, to whom, in many cases, she has been the playmate and the mother, are all forsaken, at one fell stroke. Every former tie is loosened; the spring of every hope and action is to be changed; and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path. Buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations to the happiness that is to come, and enters into the "Indian Summer" of her youthful days.

This welcome, but in many instances delusive season, may be aptly termed our American "aftermath,"—the literal meaning of which is, "the second crop of grass mown in the autumn;" and it may with propriety be used in the description of any unlooked-for pleasure, or of whatever of good

fortune may have come to us unawares. As the darkest hour is said to be that which ushers in the dawn, so does our "Indian Summer" often dissipate the worries and the cares of life; lift from our hearts the shadows of sadness and despair; pierce with its sunbeams the dangerous and forbidding passages through which we must make our way; and light up with blazing beacons the joyless paths we have to tread. In politics, in business, in financial matters, and in all the other affairs of life, there comes to us an "Indian Summer," whose pleasures we may enjoy if we will. However sharply the lines may have been drawn between the two great national parties of the day; however fiercely their battles of words and of ideas may have been waged; however wide apart may have been their motives and their principles,—when the last opposing forces shall have furled their flags and sheathed their swords, in token of defeat, the angel of peace utters her benizon and blessing, and the "Indian Summer" comes, bearing a balm for every wound.





THE CASTILIAN CLUB

By Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz

THE Castilian Club owes its origin to the efforts and enthusiasm of Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson, who on her return from a two-months sojourn in Spain, gave in Hawthorne Hall a course of lectures on that country. Many of her audience became so deeply interested in the subject as to form themselves into an association for its further study, with Mrs. Woolson as president. The first paper was read at the second meeting of the Club, at the residence of Mrs. E. F. Pratt, No. 19 Bowdoin Street, in February of 1888.

"This Association shall be called The Castilian Club." A high-sounding name, suggestive of lordliness and stately courtesy, and rightly enough, for "Castile" means The Land of Castles, and these imply dominion and an established aristocracy. Moreover, Castile was the nucleus and central part of the Spanish monarchy, and the Castilians are said to have been distinguished by their pride and haughtiness, and also for the purity

of their dialect, which, by the way. was the foundation of modern Spanish. For various reasons, then, the name seems well fitted to an association whose declared object is, "to acquire knowledge concerning Spain, its geography, history, arts, language, literature, and social condition."

It may be asked, Why so much of high endeavor is devoted to a country below other European countries in mental culture, and in the general mind associated chiefly with impoverishment, abundance of leisure and brutal entertainments, and where there seems little going on worthy the attention of Bostonian intelligence? But, however superior, we should not forget gratitude, and our questioner might come upon a more personal inquiry by picturing in his mind the "Nina," "Pinta," and "Santa Maria," as, four centuries ago, they set forth to unknown shores, and asking where he himself would be, or Bostonian intelligence either, only for the bounty and enterprise

of the Spanish Queen Isabella! But putting ourselves and the American continent aside, humanity is so surely one that its deep experiences, wherever or whenever met with, bring quick response when known, and there is certainly much of human interest centered in Spain, and if of past interest, then on that very account the more touching, as invested with the pathos attached to all visible ruins of a past grandeur, gone forever! It was a proud old saying that, "All roads lead to Rome," and tracing Spain back to its beginnings we find it a Roman province and the birthplace of Roman emperors and philosophers, among them, according to the records of our Club, Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, Flavius, and others of high degree. Later, its eight hundred years of occupancy by the Arab-Moors, was the reign of more than ordinary intelligence. Their schools were the resort of students from far and near,-Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans getting equal toleration. Industries flourished, and the empire is said to have been the starting-point of the arts and sciences for all Europe.

It is of sad and shameful human interest that when, after centuries of warfare, the country came under the rule of Christians, toleration gave place to exclusion, accompanied by cruelty. By the expulsion of the Moors Spain lost a million of the most industrious of her people, and as a consequence immense areas became, and remained, lurking-places for bands of robbers, and under this same Christian rule all scientific research was cut off, and all independence of character weighed down. This naturally calls to mind that object of terrible human interest, the Spanish Inquisition, which by its nameless tortures sent its millions not only out of the country, but out of the world.

And in this connection what can be of deeper and higher human in-

terest than the persecutions of that spiritual thinker and writer and liver, the Spanish priest, Molinos, whose only crime was showing that the human soul is in close touch with that Divine Immanence we call God, and that an inward consciousness of this can be gained without help of formulas or ceremonials, truths which in our own times are getting special recognition. The little book for the writing of which its author died in prison, is entitled, "The Spiritual Guide which disentangles the soul and brings it by the inward way to the getting . . . the rich treasure of Internal Peace." In it the author says: "All thy protection is prayer, and a loving recollection in the Divine Presence." "The strong castle that will make thee triumph over snares and tribulations is within thine own soul." It is of singular interest that so much of spirituality could have brought upon itself so much of "religious" bitterness. The explanation is the greatly lessened need of church ceremonials.

But although the long period of wars and cruelties has left its sad impress upon the "land of the rose and the myrtle," the traveller can by one swift, merry thought, call up Don Quixote and his Sancho Panza; and if, as in Irving's time, their adventures, as recorded by Cervantes, are accepted by the common people for literal facts, he will be shown the exact localities of the various events, and the identical roads travelled.

And, speaking of Irving, then our minister to Spain, to those familiar with his writings the very mention of his name is suggestive of improvisatores, and the click of castanets in the jocund dance, and the tinkle of guitars, of prim duennas, and dark eyes flashing from behind mantillas, of gypsy tribes and robber-bands and gay cavaliers, and bold contrabandistas; also of "fair Seville," with its wondrous cathedral—reminding our American wanderers of the aisles

and arches of his primeval forests—and its far-famed bakery which produced bread made of delicious "lightness, sweetness, and purity," these qualities being peculiar to the Sevilian springs! And, connecting the very ordinary present with the eventful past, are the picturesque ruins of Moorish castles, and of massive walls, and Roman bridges; also of ancient Roman aqueducts; and mysterious caverns are by no means wanting, wherein lie buried treasures of fabulous value, concealed by the Moors in their hurried departure.

And Irving actually lived in the Alhambra! Ate, slept, and performed the common duties of daily life mid the magnificence which attended the Moorish emperors in that immense palace-fortress which took fifty years in the building, and was embellished with all the Oriental appliances of luxury and splendor, and which for centuries was the scene of gaieties, and woes, and strifes, in fact, of every form of the intensest

human experience.

Thus to roam the halls of the Alhambra was a fulfilment of his childish dreams. "From earliest boyhood," he writes, "when, on the banks of the Hudson, I first pored over the chivalric history of the civil wars of Granada, and the feuds of its gallant cavaliers, that city has ever been the subject of my waking dreams, and often have I trod in fancy the romantic halls of the Alhambras. Yet I can scarce credit my senses, or believe that I do inhabit the palace of Boabdil, and look down from its balconies on chivalric Granada!" How well he used his fine opportunities is shown by his wondrous "Tales of the Alhambra." This palace is described as being surrounded by beautiful gardens and groves of aromatic trees, the interior as richly ornamented with Arabesque designs in filigree-work; slender pillars supporting light and delicate arches. The Court of the Lions, built of alabaster and white marble, had a fountain supported by twelve lions. All these particulars and many more are mentioned by Irving. He says: "As I thus sat watching the effect of the declining daylight upon this Moorish pile, I was led into a consideration of the light, elegant, and voluptuous character prevalent throughout its architecture, and to contrast it with the grand but gloomy solemnity of the Gothic edifices reared by the Spanish conquerors. The very architecture bespeaks the opposite and irreconcilable natures of the two warlike people, who so long battled here for the mastery of the peninsula. By degrees I fell into a course of musing upon the singular fortunes of the Arabian, or Morisco-Spaniards, whose whole existence is a tale that is told. Potent and durable as was their dominion, we scarcely know how to call them. They were a nation without a legitimate country or a name. A remote wave of the great Arabian inundation cast upon the shores of Europe, their career of conquest from the rock of Gibraltar to the cliffs of the Pyrenees was rapid and brilliant. Had they not been checked, all France, all Europe, might have been overrun, and the crescent at this day have glittered on the fanes of Paris and London." "As conquerors their heroism was equalled only by their moderation. Laying the foundations of their power in a system of wise and equitable laws, diligently cultivating the arts and sciences, promoting agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, they gradually formed an empire unrivalled in its prosperity by any of the empires of Christendom; and drawing around them the graces and refinements of the Arabian empire in the East, they diffused the light of Oriental knowledge through the western regions of benighted Europe. The cities of Arabian Spain became the resort of Christian artisans, to instruct themselves in the useful arts. The universities of Toledo, Cordova, Seville, and Granada were sought by the pale student from other lands to acquaint himself with the sciences of the Arabs, and the treasured lore of antiquity; the lovers of the gay science resorted to Cordova and Granada to imbibe the poetry and music of the East; and the steel-clad warriors of the North hastened thither to accomplish themselves in the graceful exercises and courteous usages of chivalry!"

It is said of Alhamar—the builder of the Alhambra—that when saluted as conqueror, he replied, "Ma le ghalib il Allah!"—"There is no conqueror but God." Also, that when the disasters in store for the Moors seemed close upon them, he said, "How straitened and wretched would be our life if our hope were

not so spacious and extensive!"
Should it be asked why so much has been said and written and sung of the Conquest of Granada, the answer would be: Because on the issue hung the occupancy and dominion of one of two great religions out of two types of civilization. Each side fought in dead earnest for Re-

ligion and Fatherland!

Just a glance at the account of the terrible closing struggle will so hold the attention that one reads on and on and on, and is ready to weep with Boabdil, when, as they ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada, "The Moors paused involuntarily to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight forever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine lit up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra, while the Vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of Xenel. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslems was lost forever. The heart of Boabdil could no longer contain itself. "Allah Ackbar! God is great!" he cried. But the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into tears.

From the above incident the spot named is known among the Spaniards by the name of *El ultimo suspiro* del Moro; or, "The last sigh of the

Moors."

Another spot of interest is the arched gateway of the Convent of San Pedro, six miles from Bergos, the birthplace of The Cid, that mighty Spanish warrior of the eleventh century, whose exploits have been made so often the theme of tragic verse and story. At this gateway lies buried his favorite war-horse, Bavieca. It is related of the Cid that, at the battle of Valencia, finding himself mortally wounded, and knowing how dispiriting to the soldiers his loss would be, he ordered that at his death his body, encased in armor, should be bound upon his horse, and, thus placed, made visible in his accustomed position at the front. His directions were followed, and, under this grim leadership, the army crossed the bridge.

Mrs. Pratt, of the Castilian Club, relates how a lady friend and herself were conveyed from Bergos in a coach, that they might stand on the burial-place of Bavieca, and also behold in the convent the niches wherein were placed the two grand sarcophagi which contained the remains of the Cid and his wife. After pausing awhile in the gateway they stepped inside. The convent loomed up vast and strong before them; not a person in sight, and every door securely closed. The driver rang repeatedly, and after some time a man, supposedly a monk, looked forth from

a far upper-story window, and, after comprehending the driver's request for the ladies' entrance, said, "si" (yes), and withdrew. They waited, and at length he again looked down and asked why the señoras did not enter? As the party approached nearly to the door it opened of itself, presumably by pressure of some spring. They passed in, and soon found themselves before a very large closed door. The two wings of it opened from the middle, of themselves, and swung back. It was a weird experience, this of the two American ladies, miles from other human habitation, in this gloomy burial-place, in company only of the strange driver and the two immense sarcophagi! They passed out as they entered, without meeting a human being in or about the place.

The wife's remains are still in the convent, but the Cid's have been re-

moved to Bergos.

To meddle much with these ancient chronicles and legends, and with modern travellers' tales, makes one almost envy our Boston Castilians their fortnightly opportunities of listening to the details of a true history of interest beyond the imagination to devise, and more romantic than romance itself. A list of papers read gives appetizing topics such as, "Bits of Andalusia;" "The Paintings of Velasquez and Murillo;" "St. Theresa;" "The Cid" (from the Arab seid, a lord or champion or mighty chieftain); "Queen Isa bella; "The Gothic Kings of Spain; " "Expulsion of the Moors;" "The Kingdom of Mahomet;" "Permanent Effects of the Moorish Occupancy;" "The Alhambra." Fortunately, by a very practical arrangement, the benefit of this modern research may be widely and lastingly extended.

First, the essays read pass through the ordeal of several committees, such oversight being made necessary by the very rigid Club rules. These

demand not only literary excellence, but absolute exactness. "Authenticity in regard to dates, accuracy in the statement of facts, and clearness in the expression of ideas."

From each essay is made a synopsis, presenting "a clear condensation of all facts known regarding the subject treated." A printed copy of the synopsis is given to every member. Of the regular essays yearly copies are bound in two volumes, which contain also the synopses pamphlets. They have tables of contents. and are paged throughout, beginning at the very earliest known period, and thus furnish a continuous history of Spain, and also a valuable addition to the Ticknor collection. They are made secure in beautiful and substantial Russia leather bindings, at an expense of seven dollars each, and in this shape are duly presented to, and accepted by, the Public Library, under the heading, "Castilian Club Papers." They are for Bates Hall reading only, as is made known by the two stars attached to their titles in the catalogue. In 1894 nine such volumes had been placed in the library, and four more were in preparation.

The Club's castles in Spain are real castles, but it has the honor and credit of building a castle in the air, pre-sumably on the suggestion of Thoreau,-" Build your castles in the air, and then supply the foundations." (N. B .- Herein do the much derided visionaries find true recognition and warrant for declaring their visions!) Our Castilians' vision is of a Union Club House, to be secured by purchase or erection, -one which shall provide for the needs of the numerous women's organizations in and near the city; one need being a permanent meeting-place.

The idea has met cordial response from other clubs, and representative

meetings have been held.

One can easily imagine the Castilians holding their great event of the year, The Isabella Supper, on the Queen's birthday, April 22, in the Banquet Hall of this, as yet in the air, Club Building. The very menus and souvenirs of the Event are usually embellished with pictures of Spanish cathedrals and old Roman structures, and of historic localities, and pictures of Isabella and the national colors—scarlet and yellow—are

made strikingly prominent in floral and other decorations.

Speaking of Castles, does any one know exactly why "castles in Spain" are called castles in Spain, rather than elsewhere? But this has no doubt been made the subject of some essay, and the answer may be found in Bates Hall.





By JOHN W. HAMMOND



ONG WHARF, on Atlantic Avenue, is still known as one of the "showplaces" of the city, having been the scene of many stirring events in later

colonial, as well as in Revolutionary times. It was upon this wharf that Governor Shirley landed, in November, 1745, on his return from the expedition which resulted in the capture of Louisburg, the French fortified town in Cape Breton, upon which occasion he was received with all possible éclat, signifying a welcome full worthy of a conqueror. General Thomas Gage also landed here; and in fact almost all the British troops that have ever set foot in Boston town. During the siege of Boston by the Americans the stores located on the wharf, altogether deserted by their owners, were used for the storage of the British military and naval stores, of which a considerable quantity was recovered when the American forces entered the town—besides General Gage's carriage, which was found, in a damaged condition, in the dock.

In looking at the wharf now one is led to wonder whence came its name. But the mystery is explained when it is remembered that the "Long Wharf" of olden times extended up to the corner of Broad and India Streets, and that prior even to that period it commenced about where Merchants' Row is now. But State Street has been steadily encroaching upon it, and with such rapid strides that it is now almost all State Street, and the small territory left to the original wharf is only from Atlantic Avenue down to the water. In his "Landmarks of Boston" Drake tells us that the building of Long Wharf was projected as early as 1707, and that in 1709-10 the town voted to accept the proposals of Oliver Noyes and his associates to erect a wharf on that location. As originally intended it was to have a public way thirty feet wide, on one of its sides, for the use of the inhabitants and others, forever. At about the middle there was left a gap, sixteen feet wide, for the passage of boats, and the lower end was to be left free for the town to plant guns on, should occasion require it to be done. It is learned from old manuscripts and printed

data that the pier was described by a celebrated writer of the day as " a superb wharf, advancing nearly two thousand feet into the sea, and wide enough along its whole length for stores and shops;" and on a map of 1722 there appears almost a continuous row of buildings on the north side. According to a plan, bearing date of 1743, the end of the wharf is fortified, and the T of Long Wharf, formerly known as "Minott's T" (from Stephen Minott) is a part of the ancient structure known as the "Barricado" on Old Wharf, which was a line of defence connecting Scarlett's Wharf, at the foot of Copp's Hill, with the South Battery, at the foot of Fort Hill. It enclosed the town "cove," in which the shipping lay. The "Barricado" extended in straight lines from the wharf to the terminal points, making an angle at the junction with Long Wharf, with the point towards the town. It was built of wood, and had openings at each side of Long Wharf for vessels to pass through. It was constructed to protect the shipping from invasion by the Dutch and French, and it may be said that Atlantic Avenue now follows the line of the "Barricado," substantially. crossed Long Wharf on the neck of the T, and two small islands, on the north and the south of the wharf, furnished the points from which to build. It was over one of these same islands that Central Wharf was laid out, and when the excavations were making for the wharf large trees and stones were found which had been used in the building of the "Barricado." After some lapse of time the other island was removed, and the old wharf (Boston Pier) being for defence only, and just wide enough to work guns upon, it fell into decay, and the last vestige of the original

structure disappeared long ago.

Not the least among the many associations which cluster around the memory of Long Wharf, and cause it to be still remembered as one of the principal landmarks of our now cosmopolitan city, is the fact that upon it was located the famous "Old Salt House," whose site is sacred in the estimation of the worshippers of "our Revolutionary times," and the locale of which is still pointed out with reverence to the youthful and inquiring mind. The building has long since been torn down, in obedience to the iconoclastic and selfish spirit of progress and improvement; but it was indeed a rare old place, surrounded with an early history that was closely in keeping with the glory and renown of its day. It was one of the originally erected structures on the wharf, and must have been built early in the last century—over one hundred and fifty years ago.

It was what would be called now a very small building. Compared with those of three and four stories, on either side of it, and between which it may be said to have been wedged in," it was a matter of wonder that it was allowed to remain there so long, in face of the many innovations that had been made in its immediate vicinity. The mystery can only be explained by the well-known reverence of our people for anything that savored of Revolutionary times, and of any of those striking events in our early history which deserve to be treasured up in the annals of posterity.

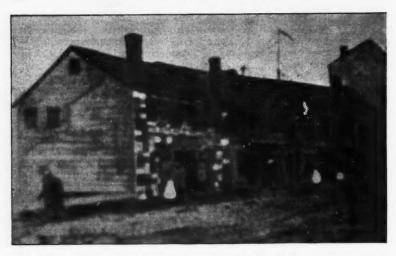
It was the second building on the wharf, below Atlantic Avenue, and it presented a remarkably peculiar appearance. Whether in deference to some personal conceit of its owner, James Oakes, or in perpetuation of a fashion of which no lingering trace is now known to re-

main, the weatherboarding on its front was covered with red and white squares of paint, which were at one time used to distinguish it as "The Checker Board Salt Store." It is probable that there was really no special design in imparting to it this curious distinction. Even the names of public houses in those days cannot be accounted for in any reasonable or legitimate way —a fact that is amply attested to by such queer and unlooked-for designations as "The Bell in Hand," "The Bunch of Grapes," and other examples of singular and unsuitable nomenclature, of which a few instances are still to be observed.

When the building was demolished, to make room for a more modern and convenient one to occupy its place, many persons climbed up the dark and rickety stairways, made of narrow planks, with open steps, the ends of which were dovetailed into side pieces of similar material, to take a last long, lingering look into the little back room which had the only window in the upper story that looked out on T Wharf, and which had become famous as the retired and quiet apartment in which Hawthorne wrote his celebrated "Scarlet Letter." This room is now occupied by Messrs. Franklin Snow & Co. The cross beams supporting the flooring-timbers of the second story were about fifteen inches square, of oak, and still sound when the building was torn down. Most of the framework was in a good condition of preserva-The ceilings were low, only a little over seven feet between the floors, so that on entering into one of the rooms a tall man, with a high hat, would have had to stoop.

In its day this old salt-store had seen wonderful and stirring events, fraught with the destiny of the ancestry of the people who have solved, with success, the problem of free government, and have presented to a wondering world the dazzling history of a magnificent country; whose achievements are accepted everywhere without even the proverbial "grain of salt." The ancient building was one of a block of three stores, in each of which the principal article for sale was salt; and in regard to the characters and personnel of the proprietors of which establishments it is interesting to quote from contemporaneous print.

One of them was kept by Joseph Holbrook, who was a bachelor and an honorable business man, and who lived in Cambridge. Another was occupied for a great many years by a man named Blake, whose first name has not been kept account of; and it was with him that James Oakes, the owner of the "Old Salt Store " of which we write, is said to have served his time. The third store is recorded as having been occupied by Ebenezer Nickerson, the father of Mr. Sereno D. Nickerson, of present world-wide Masonic fame. But James Oakes was the last considerable occupant of the noted old store, where he continued for about forty years, and until the time of his death. He was quite a literary man, and very popular. He married a Mrs. Battelle, a widow, who had a daughter and son by her first husband; and he died when at the age of seventyfive years. He was full of life, liked good horses, and had a host of good friends, with a great taste for theatrical performances, of which he was a naturally apt and judicious critic, writing in that line over the signature of "Acorn," for "The Boston Post," and for papers in New York. He was an intimate friend of Edwin Forrest, the actor, and was made by him an executor of his will, and a trustee of



The "Old Salt House" on Long Wharf

the Forrest Home. In 1840, or thereabouts, James Oakes lived on High Street, nearly under Fort Hill, and his brother boarded with him at that time. He was extremely intimate with Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote, as has been said, "The Scarlet Letter" in the little up-stairs room of the old saltstore, and in reference to which Mr. Oakes gave as an explanation of his having chosen such a remarkably curious place in which to write, that, "he went there because he would be free from interruption."

During the later years of his life Mr. Oakes made his home at the Revere House, and in all probability it was there that he died.

James Oakes was a great character in his day—not as this term is generally used now, but because of his having been known to all men as the very synonym of truth, honor, generosity, public spirit, and broad-mindedness. Although of a kindly and gentle disposition, he was as blunt and strong as possible, both in act and word;

and while he had many friends who loved him for what they knew him to be, he had made for himself a host of foes by his bluff truth of speech and deed, and his obstinate adherence to what he believed to be the right. As a newspaper critic he was plain-spoken, to the verge of brutality; but if he found he had unjustly wounded any one, he was swift to make amends.

He was noted as one of the closest and most intimate friends of the great actor, Edwin Forrest, between whom and himself there seemed to exist a wondrous love; and it was for this reason that William Rounseville Alger, the author of the "Life of Edwin Forrest," thus dedicated his popular work:

"TO JAMES OAKES,
The true Pythias
In the real life of this Damon,
This volume is affectionately
inscribed."

Forrest and Oakes are said by those who knew them both, to have had so many traits in common, that it was not to be wondered at that they became so intimate. When separated they corresponded by letter, and what they wrote redounds greatly to the credit of both. One of Forrest's letters ran as follows, with reference to a general loss which Boston had at that time sustained:

"New York, July 15, 1859.

"MY DEAR OAKES:

"It is with the deepest emotion that I have just heard of the death of Rufus Choate. His decease is an irreparable loss to the whole country. A noble citizen, a peerless advocate, a great patriot, has gone, and there is no one to supply his place. In the fall of this great man death has obtained a victory, and humanity suffered a defeat.

(Signed) "EDWIN FORREST."

And the following extract is from another of his letters to Oakes, with regard to the war between the States:

"This unnatural war, which has already 'widowed and unchilded many a one,' has not yet reached its fearfullest extent. The Union, cemented by the blood of our fathers, must and shall be preserved; this is the unalterable decree of the people of the free States. Better that all the slaves should perish, and the blood of all those who uphold the institution of slavery perish with them, than that this proud temple, this glorious Union, consecrated to human freedom, should tumble into ruins. Let us all remember what Tom Paine, the great Apostle of Liberty, wrote to General Washington, in 1796."

Oakes is known to have had many friends besides Forrest, most of whom were friends in common to them both, and are mentioned by Alger in his "Life of Forrest," as having preceded Oakes to the grave. "For many of his old comrades," he says, "whom he had assiduously nursed in their last hours, with his own hands, he tenderly closed the eyes, when all was ended, washed the body, put on the burial garments, and reverently laid the humanized clay in the earth, with farewell tears." To so many of his nearest friends had he paid this last service, that at length he began to feel a chilly solitude gathering around him; and it was while he was in this mood that he wrote to Albert Pike such a touching letter as moved the latter to compose an essay "Of Leaves and their Falling," in which this pathetic tributary passage occurs: having alluded to the dead of their circle,-Porter, Elliot, Lewis, Willis Gaylord Clark, Herbert, Wyman, Forrest, and others, he proceeds, - "James Oakes, of the Old Salt Store, 49 Long Wharf, Boston-'Acorn' of the old 'Spirit of the Times'-lives yet, as generous and genial as ever."





Thanksgiving Day

WE have the historic fact that, after the first harvest of the colonists at Plymouth, in 1621, Governor Bradford sent four men out "fowling" that they "might after a more special manner rejoice together." In 1623, in consequence of a severe drought, a fast was appointed in midsummer, with the hope that the supplications of the righteous would avail much; and sure enough rain came abundantly while the colonists were at prayer, and the Governor appointed a day of thanksgiving soon after, which was religiously observed. In 1631 the Charlestown records show a similar change from fast to thanksgiving in consequence of the arrival of supplies from Ireland. In 1632, Governor Winthrop, of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, appointed a day of thanksgiving on account of some favorable concession of the Privy Council to the Colonies, and invited Governor Bradford of the Plymouth Colony, to unite with him. Sometimes it happened that the colonists would have more than one thanksgiving day in a year (when there seemed to be an especial occasion), down to 1680, when the form of recommendation indicates that the observance had become an established religious harvest festival. During the Revolutionary War, Thanksgiving Day became a national institution, its observance being recommended every year by Congress, but after the general thanksgiving for peace, in 1784, there was no national observance until 1789, when Washington, by request of Congress, recommended a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the Constitution. He also issued a second thanksgiving proclamation in 1795, on account of the suppression of insurrection. There was no subsequent national observance of Thanksgiving Day until 1815, when President Madison, by request of Congress, issued, in April of that year, a proclamation recommending a national thanksgiving for peace. In 1817, New York, for the first time as a State, fell into regular line with New England. Although her Dutch and English Governors, prior to the Revolution, had given recognition to the observance of an occasional thanksgiving, it did not become one of the "institutions" of the Empire State until two centuries after its establishment in Massachusetts. In 1855, Governor Johnson, of Virginia, issued a thanksgiving proclamation, and in 1857 Governor Wise was requested to do so, but publicly declined, in the belief that he had no right to interfere in religious matters. In 1858 the Governors of eight of the Southern States issued thanksgiving proclamations, which were only partially observed. During the War of the Rebellion President Lincoln issued proclamations recommending special thanksgiving for victories in 1862 and 1863, and a national proclamation of the annual harvest Thanksgiving Day in 1863 and 1864. Since that time President Lincoln's successors have issued their annual proclamations for a national thanksgiving every year.

Ex-Governor Ames

Among the rapidly changing joys and sorrows,—the lights and shadows of the passing year, has come the death of Ex-Governor Oliver Ames, which took place at his home in North Easton. The sad event will be greatly mourned in every section of the Commonwealth, of which he was for three years the honored Chief Magistrate.

Governor Ames was a notable example of the Massachusetts self-made man, and owed all his mental and characteristic strength to the institutions of his native State. He received his education in the North Easton public schools, with some time spent at the Easton, North Attleboro, and Leicester Academies, and afterwards served an apprenticeship of five years in his father's shovel works, learning the details of the business and mastering its comprehensive scope. Afterwards he took a special course at Brown University, under the immediate direction of President Wayland, and then returned to his father's He served upon the school committee of his native town, but never held any other civil office until his election to the State Senate in 1880.

He was a marked character, from the very moment when he entered into public life, through all of which he reflected the greatest credit on his State; for he was a personal representative of the most enlarged industrial education and progress of Massachusetts. Amid his many public and political engagements he found ample time for the courtesies and amenities of his home and social life; and his generous benefactions to the worthy and deserving are among the brightest jewels which he carries with him to the better land.

The world has been the better for his having lived, and mankind has benefited by his philanthropic and useful career.

Influence of Literature

Is not the mistake often made of introducing many periodicals into the family circle, before a thorough examination has proven that they are worthy of the place? Do we not frequently base our appreciation of a newspaper or a magazine, not upon what it is worth, but upon what it costs? Do we not sometimes judge them by the beauty and elegance of their external appearance, and not by the real merit of the articles they contain?

It should be remembered that young hearts are easily estranged by perusing a school of literature which makes no appeal whatever to the nobler sentiments and emotions, but bears its evil fruit in a more than usually attractive casket. If the youthful mind is furnished with the opportunity to entertain unholy conceptions of the so-called "heroes" of which they read, it will soon form unholy conceptions of its own, and will become filled and drunken with the adventurous field which has been opened to its ken.

There seems to be no grade of society into which such literature as this does not manage to find its way. Even the fences and stones proclaim it, in big, staring letters, and the face of nature everywhere is polluted with its coarse and yulgar display.

In some foreign countries there is a censorship of the public press, but its mission is only to protect their governments from the attacks of either patriots

or cranks. It would be well for us if we had among ourselves such a degree of censorship as would save the youth of the land from the vile intoxication which this flashy literature is so well adapted to instil.

School Accommodations

THE complaint that there is not sufficient school accommodation-not only for the crowds of scholars who are waiting to enter, but even for those who have been in attendance during previous terms-has no doubt some slight ground of solid foundation; but the trouble has probably been greatly exaggerated, and there is not the least fear but that the school authorities will be found amply competent to meet the emergency. Up to the tenth of last month they had not been in possession of any official data in the premises. That is the date on which they receive their monthly official reports, and it is only by the report for September that they will have been made reliably acquainted with the facts. It is not easy to provide in advance for any such condition of affairs. It is supposable that at each yearly opening of the schools some trouble of the kind occurs; but this year the difficulty seems greater than ever beforenot only because the city has been somewhat slow in providing the proper accommodations, but also for that in certain school districts the filling up has been more rapid than that for which allowance had been made. It is not a new thing, by any means, for the city to hire rooms for school use temporarily. It has been in the habit of doing so for quite a number of years, and the work has not been at all difficult of accomplishment. Even this year sufficient and proper quarters were readily obtained.

The Atlanta Exposition

THERE is but little, if any, doubt that so far as its material and practical

results are concerned, the International Exposition at Atlanta is the most important and grandest event of the kind that has ever been held in the South. It marks an epoch in the advancement of the Southern people beyond the limits of an unhealthy and maudlin sentiment, to the high tableland of usefulness and laborious achievement. It indicates a welcome era in that process of reconciliation between the sections for which the Northern and Eastern States have so long hoped and striven. It offers actual evidence of fraternity and good fellowship, and has at the same time attracted to itself the concentrated gaze of a wondering and admiring world. The visible, tangible interest taken in the South by the other States of the Union, and the sincere and untiring efforts of the latter to add to the Exposition's undoubted success, have been of vast benefit to the entire country, and especially to that section for whose particular behoof the important movement was primarily set on foot. A cordial invitation to participate was extended to all the New England States, and a glad and ready response was the result. Connecticut appropriated \$7,000, wherewith to provide for her exhibits, while Massachusetts set aside \$25,000 for the erection and maintenance of a State building, filled with rare and curious articles of virtue, worth, and use; and every other New England State officially recognized the Exposition by the appointment of Commissioners, to aid in forwarding it in every possible way.

The most important exhibits from this section are in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts and Machinery Buildings, there being twenty exhibitors in the Manufactures Building, of whom eight are from Massachusetts, with Connecticut leading, in point of numbers, the other States. Machinery Hall contains twenty-four New England exhibits, just one-half of which represent Massachusetts industries. The exhibits

of Yale and Harvard Universities are in the gallery of the building of the Liberal Arts. Yale has confined her exhibits to the display of some forty photographs of her buildings, grounds, and prominent alumni; but Harvard had a large section to itself, filled with pictures of its campus and buildings, and with charts that illustrate wondrously well the University's growth and present condition.

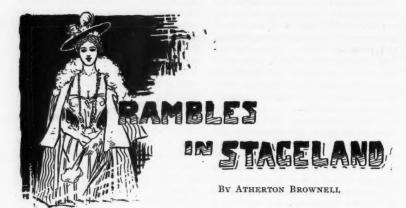
It is a gratifying fact that of the six State Buildings at the Exposition the handsomest and the most properly constructed for its purpose is that of Massachusetts, at the north end of the grounds, near the larger but less noticeable building of Illinois. Its exterior is an exact counterpart of Longfellow's home, and its interior is fitted up with every possible device for the comfort of such Massachusetts people as may make it their resting place while there. There are immense fireplaces, with old-fashioned chimney corner seats; and near by there is an ample table, spread with the newspapers and periodicals of the day. It is here that the exercises will be held which are to celebrate "Massachusetts Day," the 15th of November, and during the whole period of the Exposition New Englanders will here keep open house.

The Public Library and the Public Schools

In their recent determination to enter into closer relations with the public schools, by rendering their choice of books more easily attainable, the Public Library has taken a step in the right direction. There would seem to be no limit to its usefulness in this regard, if the undertaking is carried to its legitimate end, and that this will be the case is certainly with justice to be expected. Among the Trustees there is now the greatest possible concert and unanimity of action. The selection of a Chairman for the Board has fallen upon Ex-Mayor Prince, who realizes to the utmost extent the honorable traditions of the library, and who can have no end in view save that which is connected with the public good. He represents all that is best in Boston's present and past associations. Succeeding, as he does, Mr. Abbott, to whom, more than to any one else, the city is indebted for his conscientious supervision of its finest structure, he can be but ambitious to keep it fully up to the mark in usefulness and worth.

The new Librarian, Mr. Putnam, has demonstrated his great capacity for executive and administrative work, and has already earned the complete confidence of the Board of Trustees. He agrees with them, it is said, in their intention to make the great institution as useful as possible to the people at large, and there is therefore no reason why it may not be regarded as now about to enter upon the most flourishing period in its long existence.





"The experienced observer of Stageland never jumps to conclusions, from what he sees. He waits till he is told things."-JEROME K. JEROME.

An American Artist in Two Plays by American Authors.— Otis Skinner as "Villon, the Vagabond" and "His Grace De Grammont."—Richard Harding Davis on the Stage.—"The Littlest Girl" and "Lost—24 Hours," done by Robert Hilliard.—The Empire Theatre Company's Engagement.—

"The Masqueraders," "Mars'r Van" and "Gudgeons."—

The Irving Season.—Dr. Conan Doyle's "A

Story of Waterloo."—"The Corsican

Brothers" Revived.

WE have been in the habit of hearing a great deal of late about the decline of the stock-company system; of the consequent loss of training-schools for actors; of the growth of specialists through long runs; all of which looks backward to "the palmy days" of the drama in contradistinction to the present. We have likewise heard of this, that, or the other young actor who has come up under the wing of this, that, or the other great actor, and is now no longer a fledgling, but is well equipped with artistic pinions of his own, by which he can mount to the histrionic firmament. Sic iter ad astra.

But out of all those whom I have seen, there is one, at least, who is now asking for public recognition on his own account, who appears to have gained all the benefits of the stock-company system, who has profited from his early training, and who has had these advantages in addition to an artistic temperament, and a personality and mentality which are sufficiently flexible to enable him to be truly versatile. I refer to Mr. Otis Skinner, whom I look upon as the best-equipped and most promising of our native-born actors to fill the place left vacant by those whose names are still revered.

I recall him as a younger man, playing Paolo in Lawrence Barrett's production of "Francesca da Rimini," and playing the rôle with a warmth of ardor and a wealth of sentiment and true feeling which stamped him, even then, as a

man to be watched. I remember him later as Henry VIII. with Modjeska, playing with the authority of a man who had thought and studied, and who had brought a cultivated mind to the aid of technical skill,—the result being a performance which was in every way worthy of commendation.

It was with a deal of interest, then, as may be imagined, that I looked forward to his first appearance in Boston as an acknowledged star,—a position he had acquired, not by some sudden and brainturning success, but by a steady progression from a low rung in the ladder to a very high one,—and there was no

disappointment in store.

His engagement opened at the Park Theatre on September 30, in a play which was new to Boston, and which was written by his brother, Mr. Charles M. Skinner, a Brooklyn journalist. The author had taken for his subject an episode in the life of François Villon, the earliest of the French poets, and whose career was one of misery and crime. Upon a very slender historic thread-for little is really known of Villon save his verses—the author hung his story. That Villon was a man of wonderful grace of mind, is shown by his verses. That he was a vagabond, a thief, a murderer, is shown by the official criminal records of France. That he conceived one pure love (aside from that for his mother), out of his many impure ones, for Catherine de Vaucelles, is also shown by his verses; and it is known that in his day a lady of that name resided in Paris. That he was twice condemned to death, pardoned the first time, and released the second by a general jail-delivery upon the accession of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., of France, is also known; and it is believed by many that the interest Louis took in poets and literature had brought Villon to his notice, and that this acquaintance may have been instrumental in making the jail-delivery so timely.

This is the thread which Mr. Skinner, the author, has taken in making his play of "Villon, the Vagabond." Perhaps Villon is better known to the world through the introduction by Robert Louis Stevenson, and it must be said that, in all probability, Mr. Stevenson has shown him in truer colors; while, for the purpose of play-making, Mr. Skinner has carefully retouched his regative, taking out a line here, a mole there, smoothing out the features generally, and, in fact, painting an ideal picture rather than a portrait. In the play Villon's virtues are magnified, and his faults are largely eliminated; those remaining being so surrounded by extenuating circumstances that they can be easily forgiven. Villon becomes "a good sword," as well as a poet, and his relations with the Dauphin are such that he becomes the principal aid to the succession of Louis XI.

Here the dramatist has introduced a situation which seems to me to be purely fictitious,-at least, I know of no historical foundation for it,-in the suggestion of a strong resemblance between the Dauphin and Villon, the latter being in the third act, through the exigencies of the plot, dressed in the Dauphin's clothes, and, while thus mistaken by the crowd, he turns the tables upon his opponents, and so rouses the populace by his eloquence that they swear undying devotion to the supposed Louis, and thus starts a movement which might have resulted in placing the real Dauphin upon the throne, had not Charles VII. very accommodatingly died at this time. This situation is powerful dramatically, and suggests strongly Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper," though strong resemblances have been frequently used elsewhere upon the stage; and the theme in general calls "Gringoire" sharply to mind, though, as intimated here, Mr. Skinner has shown his hero more as a man of physical valor than of mental superiority. In the handling of his story Mr. Skinner has shown a great deal of skill of a conventional kind, and has builded a strong romantic drama of the type

which has been familiar for many years. For the purposes of the play, Catherine has been made a ward of the King, and she has played with the love of Villon as a cat would with a mouse. Perhaps the author has not made it quite clear whether she is wilfully cruel or not, for there is an episode of a letter which is not wholly cleared up, and, also for the purposes of the drama, the King's person seems to be very accessible. The author has also brought in Villon's mother without sufficient apparent excuse, but it is only with little points like these that the critic can quibble, for the play in the main moves forward firmly and steadily with much beauty of language and sen-

In character drawing also, Mr. Skinner has shown a deal of skill, though opposed to historic facts. He has given us several strongly contrasted characters: Villon, bold, resolute, heroic, with graces of mind and person, but a pauper compared with the equally manly but self-contained prince of his own age; but this prince was Louis XI., noted for his craftiness and treachery rather than for the bonhommie shown by the Dauphin of the play. Against these we may set the subtle villainy of Thibault de Grigny, which is inspired by the ambitious intrigue of Catherine, which serves as an underplot, and she in turn finds her foil in Denise, the little bar-maid of the Fir Cone Inn, whose unreturned devotion for Villon is touching in its simplicity. In Charles VII., the author has given us another contrast in making him a testy, irascible old gentleman; a better portrait of the son in reality, than of the mildmannered King who was set upon his throne by Joan of Arc. Here the suspicious nature of the King is set forth as a fault, and his distrust of his son seems wholly unwarranted in view of the manly bearing of Louis, while in reality Charles was fully justified in suspecting treachery, for his later years were embittered by the thought that the

Dauphin was scheming to gain the throne by unnatural means.

How much of this is due to the author's desire to gain sympathy for the Dauphin, and how much to the respective presentation of the two characters by the actors, it is difficult to say, for a play may be seriously marred by what upon the surface appears to be excellent acting, being full of authority and precision, while it is in fact a deliberate perversion of the thought underlying the character. The two rôles were played by Frederick Mosley as the Dauphin, and R. Peyton Carter as Charles VII., and each appeared to be excellent; but Mr. Carter's Charles was a very good Louis XI., and Mr. Mosley's Dauphin gave the lie to all the rumors which were current regarding Louis. I am not prepared to pass judgment upon this. If the author meant to draw the characters as has been outlined, both actors deserve a strong word of commendation, but if Mr. Skinner kept the historic models in mind, the result is very different.

There is about "Villon" a picturesqueness and an atmospheric effect which is very attractive and which is wholly delightful; yet it fails to stir one to anything more than mild commendation, which may also be said of the other play which Mr. Skinner presented, "His Grace de Grammont" by Clyde Fitch. Here again an historical character is taken, Phillibert, Count de Grammont, a French nobleman who was born in 1621, and who was noted for his personal attractiveness, his lively wit, his bravery and his chivalry. Such was his success as a carpet knight that he even aspired to be the rival in love of his monarch, and, we may judge, with more of success than was desirable, for he was banished to England, where the events of Mr. Fitch's play take place.

Here Mr. Fitch causes him to again become a rival of the King, Charles II., for the possession of Elizabeth Hamilton, a court beauty whom he afterwards married; and it is around a slender thread like this that Mr. Fitch has wound his story. According to Mr. Fitch, Grammont now loses his heart for the first time, and to the simple Mistress Hamilton, upon whom the King has already looked. The King's mistress fearing to lose him, and the unattached ladies of the court (all of whom seem to be in love with Grammont) fearing the loss of their idol and objecting to monopoly, are the elements which work upon the King and upon Grammont, and by plots and counterplots contrive to make Grammont believe that Elizabeth is indeed what the King wishes her to be. And upon this the story is built.

Mr. Fitch is essentially a carpet knight of the pen, and is peculiarly facile in the painting of frivolity, such as surrounded the court of Charles II. His Grammont is all that history gives him credit for being, and a little more, for in the play Grammont becomes transformed from a court butterfly into an ardent wooer at the sight of Mistress Hamilton, while I fear that in life he remained a sad rogue to the end.

For it is related that after he had contracted the engagement with Mistress Hamilton he slipped out of London without having gone through with the formalities which are commonly thought desirable in such a case.

But the lady had two brothers who set forth in pursuit of the recalcitrant gallant and overtook him at Dover. The interview was perfectly amicable and polite as well as brief.

"Have you not forgotten something?" they asked.

"Ah, by our lady," said Grammont, tapping his forehead, "Methinks I have forgotten to marry your sister," and he very accommodatingly went back to make good the omission.

But such a thing as this would not be good for a stage hero, and so we see Grammont desperately in love and wooing his mistress romantically and poetically, despite the intrigues of those two designing females, Mrs. Middleton and Mistress Warmester, both excellently played by Misses Ruth Holt and Rose Shuman. In fact, into these two characters, the product of a frivolous court, Mr. Fitch has thrown his best work, and he is here seen at his best, even though he draws the cats with their claws but lightly concealed.

Mr. Skinner presented these plays in a thoroughly good way. His accessories, while not striking, were particularly good for that reason, and above all there was an evidence of most clever stagemanagement.

Particularly noteworthy was the ensemble work of his company, showing the result of one strong directing mind, and it is this kind of work which has made Irving what he is and which will go far towards giving Mr. Skinner the place which belongs to him. Mr. Skinner also introduced to us two comparatively new actresses in the persons of Miss Sarah Truax, and Miss Maud Durbin. The former is apparently well fitted for strong work, without being in any way remarkable, and Miss Durbin gives evidence of having a very keen artistic sense and appreciation, the expression of which is crude at present.

But what of Mr. Skinner? Perhaps the best thing that can be said of Mr. Skinner is that he is equally good whether as Villon or as Grammont. Many men can play parts which differ widely externally, and bury themselves so completely that we say in praise that they have concealed their own individuality. Mr. Skinner in making the transition from the vagabond who could pass for a prince, to the courtier, has a finer distinction to make, and he makes it from within so that it shines through the skin, so to speak, and I consider this to be the highest type of dramatic impersonation. Mr. Skinner has dramatic fire and that indefinable quality which we call magnetism. He is always convincing and carries each scene with a vitality which seems to put the breath of life into the

most unnatural of situations. He has the personality to play young, romantic rôles, and he has the skill to assume others. He reads with intelligence and appreciation, and has a vocal equipment which serves him well in any character of situation, from the tenderest of love passages, in speech or in song, to the most glowing of declamatory description. In fact, Mr. Skinner is, with one or two exceptions, the only man who can follow an author's flights of rhetoric without a suspicion of rant. And Mr. Skinner is easily capable of better work than that in which he has been seen. Both of the plays here mentioned are very excellent in their way, but neither possesses a positive value which is lasting, I think. I can fancy Mr. Skinner playing an excellent Romeo, and I would like to see him try Bertuccio in "The Fool's I did not see his "Shy-Revenge." lock," but from those whose opinions are worthy of the highest respect comes the word that it is eminently successful. It is only a matter of plays with Mr. Skinner. He has the ability, and all that is needed is the vehicle in which to bring it forward.

Mr. Robert Hilliard is another new star whose first appearance in Boston was looked forward to with considerable interest. Mr. Hilliard has risen in his profession largely through his personal appearance, the assistance of his tailor, and some dramatic ability. He opened at the Park Theatre on October 14, in a double bill, consisting of a dramatization by himself of Richard Harding Davis's story, "Her First Appearance," renamed "The Littlest Girl," and a farce-comedy, by W. A. Tremayne and Logan Fuller, called "Lost—Twenty-four Hours."

I have seen several attempts to put Richard Harding Davis's stories upon the stage, and there seems to be a belief that they will play, but none of them do. Charming as the stories themselves may be, they have no dramatic touch, and in "The Littlest Girl" the interest centres more about the appearance of the celebrated Van Bibber than about the play itself, which is merely a dialogue between the two men, Van Bibber and Carruthers, and might more appropriately be so called.

The farce-comedy, "Lost-Twentyfour Hours," reminds me of one of those handy kitchen utensils which can rapidly be converted into anything, from a stove-lifter to a rolling-pin. For the comedy has a little of everything. By the elimination of certain scenes, and the retention of others, it could easily be transformed successively from comedy into farce, from farce into emotional drama, from emotional drama into melodrama, and from melodrama back to comedy. For there are familiar parts of all of these, hastily shaken up together, and the result is more pleasing than otherwise. The underlying story of a married man going off on a lark for a day, and calling up all his past crop of wild oats, so that it becomes necessary to deceive a trusting wife is familiar-too familiar, but there is something decidedly novel in finding that other familiar friends have strayed in where they were least expected,-i. e., into farce. For from comedy comes our old friend, "The Private Secretary"; from emotional drama comes a trusted and betraved wife, as well as a treacherous friend who tries to win her; while from melodrama comes our old friend the heartless adventuress and blackmailer who is the decoy for a villain.

But, as I have said, the result is not unpleasant, for when the farce begins to pall a little we are given a little seriousness, and are quickly shifted back again when the time arrives.

When I say that Mr. Hilliard has no right to be a star, I do not mean to say that he does not act well in this play, but his opportunities are only those of a good leading man. I was much impressed by the earnestness and sweetness shown by Miss Marion Young in the rôle of the deceived wife, for she played naturally and effectively in sev-

eral scenes which might easily have been made mawkish. And I was even more impressed by the brilliant and dashing comedy work of Miss Madeleine Bouton as the adventuress. It was not all light, having plenty of shade, which was admirably accentuated, and was in general a striking piece of work of the kind that Georgie Drew Barrymore used to do so well.

One may argue for high ideals in the drama, and deplore the state which makes it possible for his arguments to be laughed to scorn by the manager, who is filling his pockets through the financial success of such a play as "The Masqueraders." This was presented at* the Hollis Street Theatre by the Empire Theatre Company, of New York, on October 7, for two weeks, lacking one performance, when the bill was changed to admit of a presentation of a one-act play, "Mars'r Van," by Emma Sheridan Frye and Mrs. E. G. Sutherland, on October 19, and with this was given "Gudgeons" for the first time in Boston.

"The Masqueraders" is the work of Henry Arthur Jones, a man who has written plays which were good enough to lead us to expect something better from him than this, his latest play. But it is plainly evident that Mr. Jones is writing for money rather than for fame, for in this play he has cast aside all thought of decency, and has gone clean daft over the attempt to write a play up to a situation. Having previously conceived the idea that it would be a strong scene in which a husband and a lover played a game of cards for the possession of a woman, as was once done for a notorious variety actress and singer, he proceeded to build his play around it, which is the same method which would be followed if a builder constructed his chimney first, and then put a house around it.

But it was manifestly impossible to have such a scene take place in a play in which conventional society was shown, and it would lose its force unless the people were outwardly respectable,

therefore his characters are a somewhat fast set, who do most extraordinary things at all times. The result is a fœtid atmosphere. The situation referred to is undoubtedly powerful, but it is led up to by a series of absurdities. and it is not a little ridiculous to think that the winning of a woman by a game of cards makes her any less a wife to the loser. And the fact that the losing husband is willing to hand his wife over to the winning lover without the formality of a divorce does not give us a higher respect for the woman's morality. And to save his heroine this loss of our respect the author at last sends the lover away to a fever-infested region, there to leave him in uncertainty, and we have the curious spectacle of the curtain finally descending upon a situation which is practically an interrogation mark.

Aside from these three characters, the wife, the husband, and the lover, there are none in the play who have any direct bearing upon the outcome, and yet there are many people who walk through fine rooms in fine clothes, uttering cynical remarks upon life, upon marriage, and upon morality, which are patterned upon the "Lady Windemere's Fan " epigrams, and which are not even as clear. And of the three characters who carry the play, Sir Brice Skene, the husband, is an out and out villain; David Remon, the lover, poses grandly, but is in reality assisting the woman he loves to prostitution, and the wife herself is not unwilling to be lead. There is in the play one character as an offset to all the immorality of the others, as though the author's conscience had pricked him, and he had tried to strike a balance at the last. But this character, a sister of the wife, is so pedanticly and uncompromisingly virtuous that her goodness is as much to be shunned as is the laxity of the others.

Thus the author has made a hopeless mix-up of his elements, and it is a strong proof of the forgiving nature of the average audience that the gambling scene has carried the play to undoubted financial success. Perhaps some of this is due to the acting of Mr. William Faversham as Sir Brice, for it is powerful in the extreme, having a nervous energy and an intensity which is contagious. I do not care for Miss Viola Allen in this play, nor for Mr. Henry Miller. Neither are convincing, but this may be due in part to the false sentiment of the rôles they play.

Before the engagement of this company closed, Mr. Charles Frohman presented to Boston, on October 19, a oneact play by two Bostonians, Mrs. Emma Sheridan Frye and Mrs. E. G. Sutherland (Dorothy Lundt). The play is called "Mars'r Van," and it is further called "A Virginia Romance." I do not know why it is, but the Southern atmosphere is particularly attractive to Northern audiences, and this contributed much to the success of "Alabama," as well as to "Mars'r Van," for this little play is certainly a very beautiful one, and deserves to be more widely known. Without being particularly original in conception, it is so true in treatment, so wholesome, and so filled with human sentiment and poetry, that its charm is undoubted. So fresh and true is it that I resented the introduction at the outset of the conventional mortgaged home, though its use later was amply justified, and I object to some of the loftier poetry put into the mouth of the villain of the play, but beyond that I have nothing but praise. The bulk of the story is carried by two young people, a Virginia girl, who is a red-hot little rebel, and who has nursed a feeling of resentment against her childhood's lover because he has joined the army of his country. Particularly fine are the lines of the Southern matron, who tells the girl how little she knows of what the Southern women lost in the war, and how much they have forgiven, and lofty and true are the sentiments of the manly young hero who now wears the blue which his ancestors have worn, except once, when a cloud spread over

the country, and all the South was gray.

It was almost worth quarrelling if so beautiful a reconciliation could come from it as is shown here, and in the little rebellion which rises in the girl's breast, a child still though she resents it, we see a kind of parallel with that greater rebellion which tried men's hearts for just the same period in time that Barbara Reece in the play fought off her lover in the blue; and Barbara in fighting for a lost cause. The authors have drawn her so skilfully, that we can but pity her for her waywardness, loving her the while, and rejoicing when her real womanliness comes to the aid of her lover and she capitulates grace-

This play had an excellent setting and interpretation. Miss Ida Conquest shone brilliantly in the rôle of Barbara Reece, and I fancy that she will be heard much more of as a direct outcome of her excellent work here. She has remarkable sincerity and delicacy, and plays so simply, and yet effectively, that her future promises well. And Mr. Robert Edeson has never been seen in this city to such excellent advantage as in the manly, chivalrous young hero, Mars'r Van. There is none of that selfconsciousness which comes with too much success, but his work is marked by a frank, almost boyish, enthusiasm which is wholly charming.

I would like to devote a whole chapter to May Robson, who is the most humorous and eccentric genius among American actresses to-day. Though having but a few lines in "Mars'r Van" in the rôle of a little colored girl, she extracted a whole volume of humor from it; and I have seen nothing so extravagantly funny as those shoes which she would not wear in the play, unless it be her aunt's wedding-dress which, as a slavey, she does wear in "Gudgeons," in order to properly receive visitors at the door. In neither play does she appear much, but the little that she does is so original in conception, and so truly humorous in execution, that she becomes a prominent figure in any cast. "Gudgeons," the play which went with "Mars'r Van," is by Thornton Clark and Louis N. Parker, and has never before been seen in Boston. It has failed of being a marked success, but it is one of those paradoxical plays which should win popular favor, and do not. For the authors have barely missed writing an excellent comedy, the probable reason for its non-success being its lack of stirring action. But it is original and clever, the story revolving about the career of a most magnificent deadbeat,-a character which was exceedingly well played by Mr. Henry Miller. As the play has long since been withdrawn, it seems hardly necessary to speak of it more fully.

After the production of "King Arthur," the Irving season presented little in the way of novelty. The presentation of "Becket" can hardly be called new, for it was seen here only a year ago, and then, as now, was impressive. So also with "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Irving sticks to Shylock regardless of the fact that he is not at his best in this rôle, though the play gives us an opportunity for seeing Miss Terry's excellent Portia. "Louis XI., of course, is familiar and powerful, and for the rest of the season we have had two revivals,-one of "Faust" and one of "Much Ado About Nothing," which have some elements of novelty, not having been seen here for a number of years.

"Faust," indeed, had not been seen since 1885, I think, and at that time it was a revelation in the possibilities of stage-pictures. But the dramatic world has moved rapidly in ten years, and what was then a great achievement is now a very ordinary production except for two of its scenes,—the Summit of the Brocken and the apotheosis of Margaret. Never a strong play from a dramatic point of view, it becomes aged easily, and I confess that there is something too much of Irving and Mephistopheles. All of the plays which have

been written around Dr. Faustus and his pact with the Evil One have, naturally enough, taken the metaphysician as the central figure; but Mr. Irving's play raises Mephistopheles to be the principal personage. And in so doing it hardly leaves him the boon companion of Goethe's play, but makes him more subtle, sinister, and picturesque than the original. Mr. Irving has made this impession of Mephistopheles seem true, just as Edwin Booth played Iago in a manner directly contrary to Shakespeare's text, and made people believe that he was right. This was a tribute to his genius, and, it should be added, in justice to his memory, that he not only knew this but confessed it, saying, "It is the only Iago that I can play." And so Mr. Irving might say that his Mephistopheles is not wholly the Mephistopheles of Goethe, but it is the only Mephistopheles that he can play.

The principal novelty lay in the first production, in the United States, of Dr. Conan Doyle's one-act play, "A Story of Waterloo," which was produced on October 12, together with "The Corsican Brothers," in which Mr. Irving had never previously been seen in this country. Perhaps Dr. Doyle's play might more appropriately be called a sketch; but it is in reality more than that in the central character, to which the whole piece is devoted,-the three other characters being merely "feeders" to the rôle of Corporal Brewster, a veteran and hero of Waterloo. The drawing of this character is as finished a piece of art as one can well imagine, it being the painting of the physical and mental infirmities of extreme old age. This alone would not be particularly interesting were the old man not given something to look back to, for old age is not commonly lovely. Therefore we respect Corporal Brewster for what he was, and not for what he is, and can easily forgive his ruminating in the past when it was a past of so much achievement. And the various phenomena of extreme age are admirably shown, the clinging to old

ideals, the instinctive salute to a superior officer, even though the aged muscles with difficulty respond to the mental impulse, the childish sorrow over a broken pipe and the equally childish delight at receiving a new one, the continual repetition of an old story, and the sudden and painless approach of death,—all these are drawn by a master hand, and it is hard to imagine the play poorly presented.

But Mr. Irving does more than this. His work as Corporal Brewster merely justifies his position, even though it accentuates the fact that he is a characteractor rather than a versatile one. For his portrayal of the nonogenarian is so true to life, so filled with minor details which go to make up the whole, that it may properly be described by that muchabused and misused adjective, and called truly great.

It is not possible, however, to speak of his representation of Louis and Fabien dei Franchi in "The Corsican Brothers" in the same manner. He has not the romantic personality to fill the eye, something which this dual rôle demands, and his intellectual appreciation of the rôle is greatly marred thereby. Therefore, he lacks the impressiveness even though many beauties of interpretation might be singled out. He makes many subtle distinctions in manner between the twins, due to their differences of environment, and in the second act his deference to Emelie de l'Esparre is sweetly brought forth.

As a production, "The Corsican Brothers" is strangely weak and strong. It is weak through the excisions made necessary by using it with another play, and it is weak in its mechanical devices for the traditional doubling of characters and the showing of visions; and it is strong in the second act, which shows the Bal de l'Opéra, for here Mr. Irving proves his right to be called a great stage-manager in the ensemble and atmospheric effects.



HISTORICAL PARALLEL COLUMN

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON THE PAST AND PRESENT

October, 1795.

October, 1895.

1. "The subscriber begs leave to inform the public that his stage shall run from Dedham to Boston every day in the week (Sundays excepted). He will leave Dedham at half-past seven o'clock, A. M., and leave Boston at half-past four o'clock, P. M. He has provided himself with good, able horses, and an experienced driver, such as he trusts will give satisfaction to his employers, both for speed and carefulness; and as he has hitherto experienced the patronage of the public, he still trusts that by using his utmost endeavors to please he shall still receive their patronage, in spite of all the insinuations that his enemies suggest.

(Signed) "JESSE WILLIAMS. "Dedham, September 26, 1795.

"The subscriber advises those who carry their grist to mill to pay attention to the coarseness of the stones, and the bigness of the miller's toll dish."

2. Yesterday the sloop-of-war "Ranger," belonging to the Republic of France, arrived at New York, with despatches for the Minister to the Republic of America and for our government. She sailed from Brest on the 11th of August, and confirms the account of peace with Spain.

3. Harvard College, Cambridge, October 3, 1795.— On the 29th of September last, the Corporation and Overseers of the College, together with a brilliant and respectable assembly, convened in the chapel, and were agreeably entertained by the extra performances, as appeared by their repeat-

1. This was the opening day of "Merchants' Week" in Lowell. The weather was fine, enthusiasm was at the highest pitch, and all the proceedings were harmonious in the extreme. Every building of any consequence in the business district was decorated with bunting and flags. Everywhere the red, white, and blue met the eye, a symphony of patriotic color. The day was given up to an exhibition of the fire apparatus of the past, and it was curious to see the old "machines," so crude in their workings and make-up. In the contest as to which of them could throw the farthest stream, the prizes were awarded to the following named: the "White Angel," of Salem; of Cambridge; the "Red Jacket," of Cambridge; the "Union," of Peabody; and the "Baw Beese," of South Gard-

Two hundred delegates were in attendance to-day at the Seventh Annual Conference of the Women's Auxiliaries to the Y. M. C. A. of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. At the evening session "A Double Standard of Morality," was treated by Mrs. O. H. Durrell, of Cambridge, followed by an address on "Some Auxiliary Workers of the Bible," by Rev. W. E. Waterbury, of Clinton.

At to-day's session, at Salem, of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Alice Stone Blackwell spoke for woman sufrage, and urged the women to register and vote at the coming election, on the question of municipal suffrage for women. She ed bursts of applause. The order of exercises was as follows: First, a Latin oration on "Classic Knowledge," by John Pickering; pertinence of sentiment and elegance of language more than compensated for the extreme modesty of the orator in his delivery. Second, a forensic disputation upon this question, "Whether insolvency absolutely dissolves all moral obligations to pay a just debt?" by Charles Cabot and Samuel Weller; the cogent arguments which were advanced on both sides evinced that the disputants were possessed of strength of mind and solidity of judgment. Third, an elegant and sentimental English poem on "The Mariner's Compass," by Charles P. Sumner. Fourth, a Greek dialogue, by Joseph Hurd and Isaac Wellington, which was more pleasing to the literati than to the vulgar, as it was very accurately spoken. Fifth, an English colloquy, by Moses Adams, Thomas Cary, Leonard Mellen, and Asahel Stearns, and in which oratorical powers were displayed in a very pleasing manner, particularly in the character of Mercury. Sixth, a Hebrew oration, by John H. Church, which was more generally admired than understood. Seventh, an English conference, on "The comparative influence of power, fame; and knowledge upon Mankind," by John L. Tuttle, George Wingate, and Luther Wright; the advocate of power exhibited specimens of genuine wit, humor, and raillery; the advocate of fame deservedly enrolled his name upon its lists; the masterly manner in which the advocate of knowledge handled his subject evinced that he was well calculated to support Eighth, an English political oration, by Leonard Woods, which was greatly admired for the excelsaid that she knew that not one woman in twenty who voted would vote against the suffrage. She explained the law, and claimed that the liquor men were working energetically to get out the "no" vote of the men.

The Quaboag Historical Society held a very successful meeting at New Braintree to-day. Its location was at the bridge on Sucker Brook, below Pepper's Mills, at the place where the Wheeler massacre is said to have occurred, on the 2d of August, 1675. It is up the Winnimisset meadows in New Braintree, near the Hardwick line, that such eminent authority as Senator Hoar and Dr. Samuel Green claims as being the place where the bloody encounter occurred.

The meeting, this afternoon, of the New England Historic Genealogical Society had attached to it a special interest, arising from the four months interval between its sessions, which included matters of such importance as the deaths of the Hons. A. H. Rice, John F. Andrew, and H. O. Houghton, and of the Revs. Drs. A. A. Miner and J. I. Wilson. The speaker of the day was Mr. Robert T. Swan, whose timely address on "The Town Records of Massachusetts," had an unusual significance, by reason of his position as Commissioner on that subject.

Mrs. Helen M. Gardner, in her address to-day at the annual meeting of the "National Family Culture Institute," dealt particularly with the responsibility of parents who brought weak and idiotic children into the world, and said that it is as great a crime to give such life as it is to take human life. Crimes and criminals are not the results of accident but are naturally brought about. There is a way to prevent them, but so long as

lency of its sentiments. Ninth, Mathematical pieces, by William Boyd, Charles Davis, James Jack-son, Thomas Mason, and Peter Thacher.

Richard L. Sullivan informs his friends that he will open an evening school, near Governor Hancock's Wharf, where youth will be qualified for the counting-house, navy, revenue, army, or any other line of life. He would also engage as tutor, usher, or clerk in a store or counting-house. His terms are

reasonable.

Massachusetts Fire Insurance Company, No. 16 State Street, for insuring houses, stores, and other buildings, goods, wares, merchandize, and household furniture of all kinds, on land, against fire. -Rates of annual premiums: 1, Houses and stores with brick or stone walls, and slate, lead, tile, or copper roofs, standing separate from other buildings, 70 cents on each one hundred dollars; 2, Houses or stores with brick or stone walls, and slate, tile, lead, copper, or composition roofs, connected with other buildings, having brick partitionwalls of one or more feet above the roof, 75 cents; 3, Houses or stores with brick or stone walls, and wooden roofs, that stand separate from connection with other buildings, with brick partition-walls of one or more feet above the roof, 80 cents; 4, Houses or stores with brick or stone walls, and wooden roofs, connected with other buildings, without brick partition-walls, 85 cents; 5, Houses or stores of wood, with plastered walls, standing separate from other buildings, 90 cents; 6, Houses or stores of wood, connected with other buildings, 100 cents; provided, that the before-mentioned buildings are not occupied for any hazardous trade, or for the storing of any hazard1895.

people will remain indifferent to this fact crime will continue to increase. The great object should be to change hereditary conditions and alter the environment of the submerged classes. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore said that objection has been raised to the present movement by a doctor of divinity, who thinks that scientists and other men of learning should be called to consider the matter and lay down a set of principles to go by. "But every great reform has had its origin in the common people, and this one will surely grow in its influence and scope.'

4. Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen, Professor of the Germanic Languages and Literature in Columbia College, New York, died suddenly there to-day, from acute pneumonia and pleurisy. He was well known as a writer of short stories, and as a poet and critic of great cultivation.

President Walker addressed the Freshman class of the Institute of Technology this afternoon, in his usual kindly and interesting manner, and entirely won the hearts of the new students, at the very be-The study ginning of his talk. of military science at the Institute this year will again be under the direction of Captain John Bigelow, of the United States Cavalry, a well versed writer on military subjects, and the author of a standard work on the "Principles of Strategy," and of several books on the Franco-German war.

The journey of the old historic "Liberty Bell," from its resting place in Philadelphia to the Atlanta Exposition, is destined to be a memorable one. It started at eight o'clock this morning, over the Pennsylvania road, and the bell and its escort met with an ovation at every point along its route. From almost every house on the

ous merchandize, as enumerated in the following article: 7, All buildings occupied in whole or in part by any person who shall use or exercise therein the trade of a carpenter, joiner, cooper, tavern-keeper or innholder, stable-keeper, baker, sugar-boiler, rope-maker, boat-builder, malt-drier, brewer, tallow-chandler, apothecary, chemist, oil or color man, china, glass, or earthenware-seller, or shall be used for the storing or keeping of hemp, flax, tallow, pitch, tar, turpentine, rosin, unslacked lime, saltpetre, sulphur, gunpowder, spirits of turpentine, oil of vitriol, hay, straw, fodder of any kind, corn unthreshed, oil, wax, or distilled spirits, from 100 to 150 cents, in proportion as the situation and quality of such buildings shall render them more or less hazardous in the opinion of the Directors; (N. B. - As circumstances may exist which will lessen or increase the hazards that come within the strict letter of the foregoing rates, the Company, in those cases, reserves the right to fix the premium accordingly, or refuse to make the insurance;) 8, Goods, wares, and merchandize, except those before-enumerated as hazardous, and household furniture, not contained in buildings used for hazardous occupations, from 70 to 100 cents, according to the rate of the building in which they are contained, for sums not exceeding \$5,000, with an increased premium on all large sums; 9, Merchandize deemed hazardous, contained in buildings used for hazardous occupations, or otherwise, from 100 to 150 cents.

4. Arrived here, Captain Deshon, of Saco, in forty-two days from London. He has brought papers to the 18th of August.

5. "Liberty is triumphant. France is avenged, and her friends gratified

line the national colors were abundantly displayed, and from every factory a shrill salute was made to sound as the train sped on its way.

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6. To-day's service in King's Chapel, which is the first that has been held since the renovation of the ancient building, was the occasion of deep interest to the returned congregation of that church, inasmuch as the pulpit was filled by the newly-chosen rector, the Rev. Howard N. Brown, whose advent has been hopefully looked for, and, as he stood within a few feet of the life-sized bust of his predecessor, the late Rev. Henry W. Foote, whose living countenance had been seen there during more than a quarter of a century, the thoughts of many naturally passed from him to the new preacher who takes his place.

The famous cosmologist, Mr. E. C. Getsinger, of Detroit, has arrived in Boston, with the intention of delivering lectures on "Vibrations," which he believes are the root, basis, and fundament of uni-

versal nature.

7. A splendid lesson in the grand chain of patriotism and reconciliation that has been forged between the sections is afforded in the sentiments contained in the address of welcome, by Governor O'Ferrall, of Virginia, to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, of Boston, in Richmond to-night. He said in part: "How sad it is for us to think that the cord of fraternal feeling was ever severed; indeed, it is difficult for us to realize now that estrangement ever existed, and yet it is the dread reality. thank God, I rejoice to know that it was in the past; that the bone of contention has been buried, never The severed to be resurrected. cord has been reunited; brotherly feeling has returned; mutual inin the superlative degree. The system of British maritime usurpation and tyranny totters to its base. The present administration at least, if not the government, of that insulting nation, is shaken to its centre. Had America seized the despotic monster by the throat, she would ere this have expired at our feet." [Newspaper extract.]

The following political prophecy is extracted from "Smollet's History of England," Vol. 7, 3d edition, page 350: "The continent of North America, if properly cultivated, will prove an inexhaustible fund of wealth and strength to Great Britain; and perhaps it may become the last asylum of British liberty. When the nation is overflowed by domestic despotism and a foreign dominion; when her substance is wasted, her spirit broken, and the laws and constitution of England are no more, then those colonies, driven off by our fathers, may receive and entertain her sons, as helpless exiles and ruined refugees." [Newspaper extract.]

There is advertised a table by which Massachusetts currency may be brought into dollars and cents; also rules for reducing pounds, shillings, and pence into dollars, cents, and mills. Price, three cents. It is very handy for trades, &c. Sold at the printing-office in Kilby

Street.

6. Mr. Clarke Browne is to be ordained to the pastoral care of the church and congregation in Machias, on Wednesday next, at the Brattle Street Meeting House, in this town. The service, it is expected, will begin at three o'clock in the afternoon.

7. The fever at New York is subsiding. The mortality has been as follows: Monday, September 28, 17; Tuesday, 14; Wednesday, 14; Thursday, October 1, 10. The

terests have been restored; and we stand again under one flag, with one land, one Constitution, and one destiny. The records achieved in internecine strife-whether under Grant or Lee-belong to American history, and are the common legacy of American freemen. The veterans of Massachusetts painted fame upon their oriflamme; the veterans of Virginia emblazoned glory upon their banner; but the fame of the one and the glory of the other are the common property of both; and the story of their courage and daring will be transmitted to future generations as the record of brave men who were willing to do, dare, and die, for what each of them believed to be right. Should the time ever come when our national honor is assailed, or our national rights invaded, our sons-whether we marched with Sherman or followed 'Stonewall Jackson's way -will be found keeping up the touch of the elbow and stepping with swelling bosom, to the tunes alike of 'Dixie' and the 'Star Spangled Banner,' to meet the enemy at the water's edge, each feeling, as 'twas once ' glory to be a Roman,' t'is now 'glory to be an American.' "

William Wetmore Story, the distinguished American sculptor, died at Vallambrosa, Italy, to-day, aged seventy-six years. His paternal grandfather was Dr. Elisha Story, of Revolutionary fame; and the life and works of his eminent father, Justice Story, will not soon be lost from the memory of men.

General Nelson A. Miles, the new Commander of the United States Army, took possession of Army Headquarters in Washington to-day, and devoted his time to receiving the officers on duty in that city.

The program of the evolutions

flights from the city have been almost inconceivable. Not less than twenty thousand persons have gone, and business has fled with them.

It is contemplated to build a bridge over Washington Street, nearly opposite the sign of the "Fish Hook."

12. A gentleman writes from London: "Our flag is daily meeting insults from the British navy; there is scarcely a day but one or more American vessels are brought into some port in this kingdom; they have their freight paid them, all charges, and ten per cent. on the invoice.

An evening school is opened at Master Ephraim May's, on Orange Street, at the South End, for the instruction of writing, arithmetic, and mathematics.

The town of Boston sold four house-lots on Common Street, opposite the mall; also two house-lots on Eliot Street, by auction. The committee were: Thomas Dawes, Samuel Brown, and George R. Minot.

13. It being near the time for making cyder-large quantities of which will be made, more than sufficient for the present year, it is recommended that care be taken that the barrels are made of seasoned staves, which are well seamed, as it is known by experience that when the staves or barrels are not seasoned the cyder will sour; and it is also recommended to those who have it in their power, that the barrels should be painted, as the oil and paint will fill the pores of the wood, by which means the barrels are rendered as tight as a glass bottle, and will be kept from spoiling, as well as the liquor, for many years.

14. The Mayor of Philadelphia communicates to the Mayor of New

of the North Atlantic squadron of our navy, now at Hampton Roads, is likely to be extended. Heretofore the Navy Department has been guided in its arrangements for the evolutions by what the great European powers have undertaken, but the desire now is to inaugurate and carry out a program arranged without regard to foreign tactics, and with particular attention to the capabilities of the vessels that are concerned.

9. At the meeting of the Twentieth Century Club this evening, William M. Salter delivered an address on "Anarchy; or, Government in Industry," in the course of which he said, "If peaceful strikes and boycotts are to be enjoined, it can be only in case the same authority which does it, says, also, We will take care of your rights, and make resort to strikes and boycotts altogether unnecessary.' We seem to be, in this country, at the parting of the ways. The public mind itself is perplexed; it is not The judiciary, even the highest judiciary of the land, is more or less at variance with itself. If it is liberty, then it must be liberty all around. To say that railroad, or any other employees, may not act as they see fit, (whether it be by striking, boycotting, or by any other procedure, that involves neither violence nor breach of contract,) and yet to leave their employers free to fix wages, hours of labor, and other conditions of employment, as they like, is simply monstrous. Either hands-off or hands-on, impartially."

10. A good deal of attention was attracted to the lecture delivered to-night, in the Charlestown Winthrop Church, by John Fiske, L.L. D., under the auspices of the All-Round Club. Mr. Fiske spoke on "Charles Lee, a Soldier of

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York seven thousand dollars for the relief of the sufferers by the fever.

. In Canada there has been the greatest drought within memory. The hay cut will not winter one-quarter of the stock, and drovers are daily driving them towards the United States for sale.

Within one month above one hundred sail of vessels have arrived in the port of Boston from foreign places—places without the jurisdiction of the United States. All, we may say, are richly laden. America is at peace, and the schemes of her disorganizers have been baffled.

A correspondent expresses his regret that the ancient custom of examining the compositions of our young gentlemen at our College at Cambridge, by the President, previous to the exhibition, has been discontinued. He wishes it may be revived, so that the audience may not be disgusted with vulgarisms and indecent allusions, or a blush be raised on the cheek of modesty by too warm and passionate descriptions, "nor would the subjects of a certain kingdom be disgusted by those highly reprehensible reflections on their monarchs, nor the College be dishonored by such illiberality."

16. The confirmation of the treaty of peace between the United States and the tribes of Indians called the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawanese, Ottawas, Pottowatomies, Miamis, Ellrivurwees, and Kickapoos, stipulates that all prisoners are to be given up, that the Indians cede considerable tracts of land to indemnify the United States for the expenses of the war, that the United States relinquish their claim to certain tracts of land north of the Ohio, east of the Mississippi, and southwest of the Great Lakes,

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Fortune," and said that Lee liked to bring himself into comparison with Washington, to the detriment of the latter. He told of Washington's retreat and of the capture of Fort Washington, and how Lee was responsible for it, although, at the time, Washington was blamed.

11. At the Tenth Annual Conference of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, held at Brown University, in Providence, this afternoon, it was determined to raise the requirements for entrance into all the aforementioned institutions.

John Graham Brooks, of Cambridge, spoke in Association Hall this evening on the "Economic Aspect of the Women's Vote," and said that this vote is coming now, all the world over-in Australia, England, and Germany, as well as in the United States. "Woman has come," he said, "like a revolution, into the industrial world. The tendency in all industries is more and more towards their em-She has been ployment. cramped by dependence all her life that she has not had fair play, but with higher education she has attained a higher standard, until now she has almost the right to select her husband, instead of having him select her." He spoke of women on charity boards and as factory inspectors, and touched on their effective work for higher ideals of life, wherever they are engaged. He believed them to be equally capable with men in sharing the responsibilities of the nation or state. "Jane Adams has no political office, and yet she is at the head of the most flourishing college settlements in the world. The days are numbered when women will be denied the right to vote."

17. The parade to-day of the

with certain exceptions; that the United States, to make evidence of its liberality and good intentions, will deliver to the said tribes goods to the amount of \$20,000, and give them yearly goods to the amount of \$9,000. The Indians promise that when they dispose of any lands it will only be to the United States; and they acknowledge the protection of no other power whatever.

19. Private accounts report some disturbances in London. The windows of Mr. Pitt's house were broken; there were several fires in the city; and there was great distress for bread all over England. They have fallen into the pit they dug for France, and all that supports that tottering nation is the American treaty. The United States are now the great prop to a nation contending against our al-lies, the French. [Newspaper ex-

19. Citizen Latomb, Consul General from France to the United States, arrived in this town to-day,

from Philadelphia.

The Cadets and the Fusiliers paraded to-day in honor of the anniversary of the surrender of Yorktown. The former were commanded by Colonel Elliott, and the latter by Captain Laughton. military exhibitions were performed with much skill and accuracy. Both the companies dined in Charlestown.

20. The following-named members of the Boston Theatre Company receive each week the salaries

set opposite their names:

Mrs. Pownall, \$64; Miss Wrigtens, \$64; Miss Wrigtens, \$64. Mr. and Mrs. Collins. \$40; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, \$40; Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, \$34; Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, \$28; Mr. and Mrs. Miller, \$28; Mr. Barkett, \$14; Mr. Heeley, \$12; Mrs. Hillyar, \$23;

whole force of Boston's police was a most creditable sight. There were over 700 men in line, each neatly uniformed in blue and brass, with a long club dangling at his belt and a large revolver in his hip pocket. The objects of the parade were to give to the citizens of Boston some idea of the personnel of the men to whom about one million dollars of the tax-levy goes, and to form a sort of mobilization of the men in the department and acquaint them with the best methods of procedure in case they should ever be called upon in any great emergency, where it would be necessary for them to act as an organization, instead of as indi-As a spectacle, the viduals. parade was well worth seeing, for the men marched with the precision of thoroughly drilled veterans, and reflected credit upon their management, from every point of view.

19. "Unfermented Sacramental Wine" was the subject of a report made to-day by Mrs. Mary Moore, of New York, to the Women's Christian Temperance Union, at their national convention at Baltimore. "During the past year," Mrs. Moore said, "there has been an encouraging progress in the work of securing unfermented wine at the Sacrament of our Lord's Supper. In August last the Presbytery of Chicago recommended the use of pure grape-juice. The Methodists lead in the adoption of the reform. The Lutheran and Episcopal churches are beginning to yield their prejudices, and the Roman Catholic Church, in several instances, has become interested. Sixty thousand gallons of alcoholic wines are annually dispensed in American churches."

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Mr. Hepworth, \$24; Mr. Patterson, \$14.

21. About eight thousand halfeagles (value five dollars each) have been issued from the mint of the United States. They are finely executed. Liberty is represented by a female head, in which the finest touches of the graver display the most perfect symmetry of feature, animated with the truly beneficent expression of Deity. Columbian artist has evinced the justness of his ideas of freedom by the mild, yet resolute, the firm, though feminine, soul which he has communicated to his figure of the Divine Goddess, speaking eloquently from her countenance, winning our love and commanding our homage. The reverse bears the American Eagle, soaring, with The gold apthe olive branch. pears to be of the finest carat, and the coinage must be popular, not only from its intrinsic value, but its extrinsic workmanship.

bridge which connects Rhode Island with the continent at Tiverton is now completed; it is 900 feet long, and 36 feet broad. The architect of this bridge is Major Whiting of Norwich, Conn. The bridge has a sliding draw, which one person can move with The greatest depth at low water is eight and one-half fathoms.

Although there may be some well-meaning people who may condemn the Treaty, yet a great majority of the loud brawlers against that instrument ascend the ladder of demagogism, by grades like the following: Timid Whigs in 1775, when danger was near; furious Whigs in 1783; rank insurgents in heart, if not in deed, in 1786; anti-Federalists in 1788; apologists for the whiskey boys before they were humbled in 1794; and, to complete the climax, Treaty-condemners in

22. To the Public: From a consideration of the enormous expense to which the present manager of the Boston Theatre is subject, by having engaged a company of thirty-eight persons for the ensuing season (several of whom are confessedly in the first line of excellence), together with a more numerous orchestra, and large preparations for several splendid pantomimes, the proprietors have unanimously, upon mature deliberation, been compelled to adopt the following prices, the same as at the principal theatres on the continent: Boxes, one dollar; Pit and Slips, seventyfive cents; Gallery, fifty cents. We assure the public that at the reduced prices adopted heretofore a full audience every night at the performance would not be more than barely adequate to the expense. From so numerous a company every species of theatric exhibitions may be expected, and we are informed by the manager that the Boston may now rival or outvie any other theatre on the To a liberal and discontinent. cerning public this statement is given, and the proprietors presume on their cheerful acquiescence in a measure absolutely necessary to the support of their favorite amusement.

By order of the Trustees,

(Signed)

Jos. Russell, Sec'y.

22. A list of the prizes drawn in the Harvard College Lottery is

published to-day.

Colonel Revere has finished his contract for casting the thirty-four brass cannon, for the artillery of this Commonwealth. The last twelve were proved on Monday, by Captain Burbeck, of the Castle. The ingenuity of the founder needs

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no panegyric. His usefulness to his country has always been eminent.

Governor Adams has appointed Thursday, November 19th, as a day of thanksgiving.

23. This day published and to be had at the French Book Store, on State Street, north side of the Town House, "Secrecy; or, the Ruin on the Rocks," a novel by a woman, with this epigraph:

"Disguise, thou art a wickedness, wherein the pregnant enemy does much."—Shakespeare.

26. The body of a man, supposed to be murdered, was found in Carnes's rope-walk, at West Boston.

Captain Bradley's Artillery made a public appearance. In the afternoon they performed a sham fight on the Common. The rarity and exactitude of the exhibition reflected great honor on the captain, his officers, and the company at large.

31. Appleton Prentis advertises for stampers for his new calicomanufactory, near the new bridge in West Boston; and also for persons having a knowledge of any of the different branches of the said business, such as printing, cutting, glazing, etc.

John Biddis, at his paper-factory in Milford, has patented a useful paper, made from the inner bark of trees.



AUTHORS AND BOOKS

N "Lee's Priceless Recipes," just published by Laird & Lee, of Chicago, containing three thousand formulas for the home, farm, laboratory, workshop, and every other department of human endeavor, it has been the aim of the compiler-and he has accomplished it well-to present, in as small as possible a space, the rules and processes, together with the recipes, for manufacturing many of those articles used by mechanics, families, and all people in every walk of life, and by so doing not only to furnish the knowledge as to the way it is done, but also to place the reader The cardinal in a position to do it. points of excellence of the book, are reliability, usefulness, brevity, and simplicity of style; and its contents have an especial value, inasmuch as in this form they can so easily be found.

In "Myths of Northern Lands," published in attractive form, with good, plain, clear type, by the American Book Company, the object has been to familiarize the English student of letters with the religion of his heathen ancestors, and to set forth, as clearly as possible, the various myths which have exercised an influence over our customs, litera-

ture, and art.

As the Danes, Swedes, Icelanders, Germans, English, and French, all came originally from one common stock, and worshipped the same gods, so do these stories form the basis of not only their religious belief but also of their first poetical attempts. They are really the classics of the North, and surely deserve as much attention at our hands as does the more graceful, perhaps, and idyllic mythology of the South. The most distinctive traits of these Northern myths are a peculiar grim humor which is found in the religion of no other race and a dark thread of tragedy which runs throughout the woof. These two characteristics have colored all Northern thought and have left their indelible imprint upon our writings, even to this day.

A glossary and complete index have been added to the book, so as to adapt it to general use in libraries and public schools, where it will be found of the

greatest value in its line.

The American Book Company have just published a valuable book, especially for scholars and schools, entited "Elements of Geometry, Plane and Solid," by John Macnie, A. M., and edited by Emerson E. White, A. M., LL. D., author of "White's Series of Mathematics." In the treatise the subject seems to have been considered with a strictness approaching that of Euclid in logic, while advantage has been taken of such improvements in arrangement and notation as have been suggested by modern experience. The author has carefully kept in mind that the actual purpose of such a work is only in a secondary degree the presentation of a system of useful knowledge, and that a much more important purpose is to afford those who study this subject the only course of strict reasoning with which the great majority of them will ever become closely acquainted.

The exercises in the book have been carefully selected, and with a view to their bearing on important principles; and they are, with few exceptions, of such slight difficulty as not to discourage the learner who possesses an aver-

age amount of ability.

"My Sister Henrietta" is the title of a very readable little volume, by the celebrated Ernest Renan, translated from the French by Leonora Teller, and published by E. A. Weeks & Co., of Chicago. It is the textual reprint of a small work of which the author had only one hundred copies printed, and

issued in September, 1862, under the proviso that they should not be for sale or exposed in any manner to the public eye. The present edition has been prepared by the widow, Mme. Cornelia Renan, in express compliance with the terms of her famous husband's will. It is peculiarly interesting, as exhibiting the unbounded affection entertained by him for his sister, and at the same time as a frank but unintended portraiture of his own great heart and mind.

"Little Daughter," the second of "The Hazlewood Stories," by Grace Le Baron, is a book which, like its predecessor, "Little Miss Faith," can be placed with impunity in the hands of any child between seven and fourteen years of age—since its author's name has come to be regarded as a synonym for all that is good and pure and wholesome in the children's world of books.

The story of "Little Daughter" is one of moral teaching and general instruction, so interwoven with incidents of pleasure as to make it of interest to older readers as well as the children. It tells of the child-life of a girl, and shows that little people not only have a place but an influence in the world, and that much good can be accomplished by the little word of kindness.

"Little Daughter," like "Little Miss Faith," is an independent story in itself, but we venture to say that all who read it will enjoy it, and desire a closer acquaintance with the first of "The Hazlewood Stories," and the last one, soon to follow.

The book is from the press of Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, and is neatly bound and clearly printed.

"The Madonna of the Tubs," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is one of those beautiful stories which not only exhibits human nature at its very best, but makes it of the greatest possible use by having it serve as an incentive to others, on the lines of true womanhood, high virtue, and an appreciation of all that is really good. The dignity of labor, when properly practiced and understood, is inculcated with a master hand, and what it teaches to those who come within the reach of its practical and every-day influence is written in words that are well worthy to be remembered.

Such books do an immense amount of good in the world. They help to establish and perpetuate worthiness of character, and strip from everything that is false its meretricious and attractive glare. It is true that in this busy, selfish, striving world, they cannot accomplish as quickly as they should the high morals which they teach, but they hold every inch of ground they gain, and constantly achieve new victories for the advancement of humanity.

The book is published by Messrs. Houghton & Mifflin, in their usual attractive style.

"Dick and Jack's Adventures on Sable Island," by B. Freeman Ashley, author of "Tan Pile Jim," and published by Messrs. Laird & Lee, of Chicago, is a charming and instructive book for children. The latter story was so kindly received by a very large number of boys and girls, ranging in age from seven to seventy, and so many of these have loudly invited the author to "come again," that he has now ventured upon another story of youthful adventure.

In "Tan Pile Jim" the scenes were chiefly laid in the woods, but in the present volume the readers are taken to one of the most remarkable islands in the Atlantic Ocean. The artist has illustrated the work with inimitable humor and fidelity.

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The first number of the Magazine—that for October, 1894—and perhaps some others, we cannot supply in any other form than in this bound volume of which we speak, as the separate editions of them have been for some time out of print.

It is scarcely necessary to invite attention to the color of the Owl—our bird of wisdom—on the cover of The Bostonian this month.

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But as there may be among our readers 'strangers within our gates," it may be mentioned that the change of hue in the emblem of Minerva is in compliment to our principal seat of learning at Cambridge, whose name and fame are inseparable from the literary and scholastic history of our commonwealth, and whose predilection for "crimson" is so well known throughout the land.

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Our supplement this month—the portrait of Lowell Mason—will be particularly acceptable to the pupils, as well as to the teachers, in our Boston schools, for the reason that about the year 1832, under his auspices and directions, the Boston Academy's juvenile choir made its appearance, which afterwards led to his introducing music into all the schools,—a study which has now reached such an advanced degree of excellence and art.

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tion and illustration we will have what may be justly termed an "extra number," dedicated to the festive memories of the day, and laden with a literary and artistic feast, to charm the heart and mind. Fable, fact, and fiction will be woven together, in a bright and fragrant Christmas wreath, typical of the time when, "in the glory of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea."







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